ZELLA; AND OTHER POEMS.


SUUM CUIQUE

ZELLA;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

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Preface.

At intervals snatched from the daily occupations of life, the following Poems were composed, as prompted by the events to which they relate, and by the joyous, mournful, or meditative moods of the author at the time. They are now published at the request of many friends for whose eye they were in the first instance intended, but the Author is encouraged to hope that they may be found not altogether unacceptable to others, and especially that they may strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the sad and suffering who in their hour of trial look to Heaven for comfort and relief.

CATHARINE P. CRAIG.

Ventnor,

November, 1877.

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Those poems marked * have appeared in the "Sunday at Home;" those marked † have appeared in the "Quiver;" and the one marked ‡ has appeared in the "Family Treasury."

Introduction.

A SIMPLE tale, of woman's love and wrong,
Told long ago by one who knew it true,
I tell again: yet is it but a thread
On which is hung strange monologues of thought;
Thoughts which had grown by many currents fed,
Fancies as changeful as the varying rhymes
Which through the ever-changing measures flow.

Zella.

No more beneath the shady palm
That spreads its bright leaves to the sun,
At close of noon, or early dawn,
To watch the glancing waves that run
So swiftly o'er their pebbled bed,
Or list the tuneful throng
That in the branches o'er her head
Pour out their flood of song;
While from her heart the happy thoughts
Burst in a joyous strain,
That mingles with the song-bird's notes,
So light, so free of pain,
It seems a gayer part to be
Of his untutor'd melody.
Thus never more again

Shall Zella spend the golden hours
That float in light away,
Nor leave upon her youthful brow
A shadow where they lay.

The palm its grateful shade may throw,
The silvery stream as softly flow,
The birds may in the sunlight long
Their tinted plumes display,
Or cheerful raise their matin song
When dawns the Orient day:
Her thoughts may rise to higher joys,
And dearer hopes embrace,
And round her still with footsteps light
The hours each other chase;
Yet still she must in exile roam,
Far distant from her native home;
And never more may Zella gaze
On the Eden of her early days.

The flowers bloom round her new abode,
More fair than those she left behind;

And richer far are the scents that load,
On summer eves, the passing wind.
And though she may not watch the wave
Glide from her by that olden stream,
Waters as clear her feet may lave,
Flashing up, in the bright sunbeam,
From marble fonts, and in dewy showers
Returning on the thirsty flowers.
And she holds the land of exile dear,
For the birthplace of her soul was here;
And gentle hopes, and wishes sweet,
And pleasant food of smiles and tears,
Have nursed and fann'd the hidden fire;
Till trembling between hopes and fears,
There shone upon her, midst the strife,
The love that makes the life of life.
'Twere exile from this land to roam—
This home that is the spirit's home.

Though often childhood's eye may weep,
Its crystal tears are quickly dried;
Nor long will memory care to keep

The sorrow over which it sighed.
And Lethe's power no fable seems,
When gladness wakes on childhood's dreams;
It buries all that could annoy
In a bright sepulchre of joy.
And parting hours are soon forgot
When past, before we learn to know
The wasting weariness of pain,
That hopeless longs to meet again
Through days that lengthen out to years.
Dull days, whose noon the shadow wears
Of midnight moments passing slowly,
With shivering dread of things unholy,
O'er sleepless eyes, that fain would close
In dreamless slumber on their woes.

A form of life we oft may wear,
And in earth's toil our part may bear;
May smile and sigh, may sing and talk,
In all life's scenes may mingle free,
And watch and share its grief and joy,
Yet all they bring to us may be

Like shadows thrown upon the glass,
Which scarcely darkens as they pass,
Nor can the impressions long retain,
Or ever give them back again.

We move like sleepers in a dream,
Where things are not, but only seem,
And quickly fading as they rise,
Mock the swift glance of longing eyes.
Unresting we must hasten on,
Whatever load may bear us down,
The end we seek alike unknown,
And the reward that may us crown ;
Until we hear some mighty voice
Speak to the spirit words of power.
We start and tremble, and would oft
Forget the words ; but from that hour
We live, another being breathes
Within us, and the soul awakes
To a new consciousness, which makes
All feeling deathless, and becomes
A faithful mirror, showing all

The long-forgotten, vanish'd past,
Peopled with many a busy throng.
Light words we spoke and heeded not,
Whispers then heard, again we hear;
And look on scenes far distant, where
They first were spoken in our ear,
By silent sleepers pictured there.

It is not when the mortal form
Lies down in darkness with the worm,
The soul unfetter'd, soaring free,
Lays hold on immortality.
The weeping babe whose feeble eye
Hath scarcely open'd to the light,
Is, in this deathless mystery,
As perfect as yon seraph bright,
Upon whose brow no trace appears
Of all the thousand changeless years
His eye hath beam'd on glory's ray,
His voice hath hymn'd its joyous lay.

As when a spark of living fire,
Borne onward by the sultry winds,

A resting-place among the boughs
Of the primeval forest finds:
The ready branches kindle soon,
And leaping on from tree to tree,
Through midnight gloom or brightest noon,
The mighty conflagration spreads,
Unquenchable, until there stands,
No trunk unscathed, nor fluttering leaf,
On which to cast its glowing bands.
Even so, through all our being wrought,
Still circles on the deathless thought
The spark divine from heaven which came,
Which to our darkness lustre gives—
Not to consume like earthy flame—
Dust quicken'd by immortal breath,
When once awaken'd, ever lives.
Oh! let us feed the sacred fire
With offerings pure, that it may rise
As holy incense to the skies,
And breathing sweetest odours round,
Burn on, till there no more be found
For it within this mortal urn

A fitting space to shine and burn;
But wafted on the wings of love,
It soars earth's cloudy scenes above,
To burn and shine for ever bright,
In realms of everlasting light.

Oh! happy they whose early youth
Is passed beneath a mother's care,
Who to the source of love and truth
The questionings of doubt will bear;
Who o'er temptation's weakly child
Will cast the shield of holy prayer,
And by her high example drawn,
From earnest converse with her God,
Shine on our path a guiding star,
To cheer us on the heavenly road;
And win the heart to love the light,
Ere we can learn the darker way,
Which leads the wanderer astray
To paths of starless night.
And happy they who early learn
The way of wisdom to discern,

And guard each action, word, and thought,
With jealous care from ill.
We know not whence the waters spring
From which our cup we fill ;
Far down among the unseen rocks
The secret fountain swells,
And the spirit of our after-life
In childhood's dreaming dwells.

The ground is fresh in early spring,
We scatter seeds with eager hand,
The beauteous flowers around us rise,
And shed their fragrance o'er the land.
But should we sow the rankling weeds,
Our pathway soon is overgrown,
And we must drink their pois'nous breath :
We can but gather what is sown.

When in the misty light of dawn
We near a pillar stand,
Its utmost pinnacle may seem
Almost beside our hand.

But when the noon-day clearer shows,
Its towering height a shadow throws,
That almost hides the sun.
So when the noon of life we gain,
Its light seems worthless to attain,
When we remember deeds of ill
In thoughtless moments done.
Into the future we may look,
And read the yet unwritten book,
And gild each glittering page
With rainbow hues, forgetting all
The showers which from the cloud must fall,
On which the colours rise;
The desolating blasts that spread,
The wither'd leaves by autumn shed,
The snowy wreath that chilling lies
Upon the brow of age;
And we may turn both ill and good,
To suit our fancy's present mood.

But when upon the distant past
Our retrospective glance is cast,

Around the tale which there appears,
The gloom or glory of the years
Which roll between may cling;
And we may sigh with longing strange,
A better story thence to bring;
But vainly, for those smiles and tears
The blotted page and broken lines
No power can ever change.

The book of Time shows yet unstain'd,
But every hour some marks are traced,
Thy trembling fingers guide with care,
Those characters are ne'er effaced;
But even as they stand must bear,
With certain joy or shame for thee,
The sunlight of eternity.

Although not many years had pass'd
O'er Zella ere the surging foam
Of the great ocean ebb'd and flow'd
Between her and her childhood's home,
She still hath memories deeply hid
Within her heart; as echo sleeps

In silent and deserted halls,
Until some footstep startling falls,
Or living voice within them speaks.

But now it is her summer hour,
And flowers around her path are spread;
And as her feet upon them tread
They give forth all their dower
Of perfumes rich and sweet.
She dwelleth, as is meet
For one beloved, in a fair home of beauty,
Which love will ever hold a sacred duty,
To guard from ill. O time of happiness,
When life is all delight; yet to have less
Of joy were misery, or even to know
That one fair rose may lose a leaf unmiss'd,
Or from the wealth of blossoms so possess'd
One opening bud may wither; this were woe,
Where all are reckoned with a miser's care,
Who by his treasures will securely slumber,
And, conscious that they all are there,
Uncounted leaves the gold he cannot number.

It is her summer time, and now
The hour of noon, and sunny skies
Are smiling o'er the garden bower,
All glowing with the radiant dyes
Of many-colour'd flowers, that show
A brilliant rainbow of gay hues,
The warm reflection of the light
Imprinted in the morning dews.

It is her summer time, and sweet
The whispers of the zephyrs sound,
And song-birds in their green retreat
Throw melody on all around;
Till every trembling leaf is made
To echo like a tunéd harp,
While quick notes follow through the shade,
Swift as the shuttle through the warp;
And weaving out the web of joy
How many golden threads appear,
Which borrow half their brightness from
The growing brightness of the year.

It is her summer time, and all
The world is full of busy life;
And in the sunbeams shining things
Are mingling in their playful strife;
Gay wingéd creatures fill the air,
And forms of beauty sport below,
While in cool caves the finny tribes
Rejoice where silent rivers flow.

It is her summer time, and yet
The happy moments swiftly pass,
Until the shadowy tints of eve
Steal softly o'er the dewy grass:
But as the daylight fades away,
The moon shall from her rest arise,
With her attendant stars, to save
From darkness those fair summer skies.

It is her summer time, and now
She seeks the quiet arbour seat,
Round which the climbing roses twine,
To shade her from the noon-day heat;

Or with the fragrance of their breath
To scent the breeze at evening's close,
And woo among the clustering leaves
The wand'ring zephyrs to repose.

There Zella greets the evening star,
But not alone : another there
Is with her, whose low-whisper'd words
Melodious make the summer air.
It is the summer time of love,
And grief and care must stand apart,
While joy to a quick-measured tune
Is keeping time in either heart.
And all the onward way of life
Is strew'd with flowers which hope hath spread,
While mellow fruits drop from the trees
That join their branches overhead ;
And shining mists the river hide,
O'er which they pass when life is done,
Like the fresh odours of the flowers
That float at morning towards the sun.

Shine out ye golden stars of night!
Shine out with all your sweetest light!
Rest in your cloudless path, fair moon,
Lest those glad moments pass too soon.
Ages on ages past have rolled,
And still your changeless course ye hold;
Ages on ages yet shall see
No discord in your harmony.
Undimmed your peaceful fires shall burn,
At morn depart, at eve return,
When they who this short summer night
Together watch your silent flight,
In hopeless woe apart may weep,
Or in the dust together sleep;
Unheeding, though the unsightly worm
Is preying on the cherish'd form;
Unconscious of the light ye shed
Above the dwelling of the dead.
With all its sad and blissful dreams,
Their life to yours a moment seems;
While gladness reigns, stay, gentle moon;
Fair stars, seek not your rest too soon.

Vainly we plead, ye must obey
The Almighty power that marks your way,
Ordains your seasons, points the hour;
Ye by your shining tell His power.
Yet more to us His love hath given
Than were the countless hosts of heaven
Obedient at our voice to pause,
Or nature break her ancient laws—
The right to claim a Father's care
From the great God who placed them there.
And turning on your distant rays
Our earnest and admiring gaze,
We raise our thoughts your homes above,
In anthems of adoring love.

He strews with stars the shining sphere,
And scatters dewdrops nightly here;
Alike to Him the fragile flower
That blooms and withers in an hour,
And mighty systems circling far
In countless forms of sun and star.
He woke the flower, taught them to roll,

And with His hand sustains the whole;
Nor does the cycle of the years,
Which now to us so vast appears,
More for their length His care employ
Than fleeting days of mortal joy.
Eternal when their race begun,
Eternal when that race is run;
Less than a drop of summer rain,
When measured by the boundless main;
The longest age, the highest might,
Of finite with the Infinite.

Ye pass away, fair stars of night,
Lost in the rays of dawning light.
The morn is near, your noon is o'er;
In beauty go, we plead no more.
But as we trace your ceaseless march
Along the heaven's resplendent arch,
We, faltering on our earthly way,
Would learn to trust and to obey.

The stream of life is flowing fair,
O'er golden sands that shine,

Up through the eddying waves, as bright
As stars upon the brow of night,
Or treasures of the mine,
That, 'neath the gleam of festal lamps,
In beauty's tresses twine.

The years are passing silently,
But as they come and go,
They bring no angry storms to break
The water's peaceful flow;
'Tis sunshine still above in heaven,
And summer still below.

Bright is the glance of Zella's eye,
And sunny is her smile:
For love hath songs of gladness still,
Sad moments to beguile;
And the low-whisper'd words that charm
Affection's varying dawn,
Sound sweeter when the trust of years
True hearts hath closer drawn.

When, journeying to the distant main,
Two rivers join their stream,

Before they peaceful hold their course,
Oft do the waves, with playful force,
At war together seem;
While the swift currents as they meet
Oppose their circling ranks,
And in the strife fling far the spray
Upon the grassy banks.
But nearer joining, soon they cease
The combat thus to wage,
And in harmonious music woo
The flowers that fringe the edge.
How calmly o'er their pebbled bed
Their gentle waters run
Together! lost in ocean's roar,
The mingling rivers part no more;
They are not two, but one.

Oft from the heavy clouds that frown
O'er morning's groves of balm,
Descend the genial showers that bless
The cedar and the palm,
And to the lofty spreading oak

Its strength and verdure give;
'Tis but the tender drooping flowers
That by the dewdrops live.
O blessed Love! that thus on each
The needed gift bestows—
The "big rain" to the towering tree,
The dew unto the rose;
And light and shade o'er all to spread
With equal wisdom knows.

How oft we blame with fretful tones
The cloud that dims our way,
And weary out the peaceful night
With longings for the day;
But when the day should dawn or close,
Had we the power to choose,
The opening buds would miss the sun,
The wan leaves mourn the dews:
Nor would the varying seasons long
Their course so truly hold;
For some would chafe at summer's heat,
And some at winter's cold.

Let sorrow throw her gloomy pall
Upon the sunlit earth;
Let pleasure drown with jest and song
The storm which mars her mirth;
Let children play in flow'ry vale,
Or round the cheerful hearth.

We, like the outward world, must have
Our winter time and spring;
When darkness shrouds our vanished joys,
And hope's sweet minstrels sing;
Unknown to us the wants may be
Heaven's bounteous hand supplies;
And as we tremble in the storm,
Our hearts rebellious rise,
Or pine, because the light we love
Hath ceased to glad our eyes.
But here the seed is only sown
Which ripens far away;
Time to our life is but the dawn,
Eternity the day;
And day that needs no cloud to shade

The sun's too scorching beam,
No night to lull the weary
With its vain and tempting dream.
O blessed Love! that knoweth all,
And knowing all, to us has given,
Enough of sunshine and of shower
To nurse the flowers that bloom for heaven.
Not hopeless weeping o'er the past,
Not hasting coming change to meet,
O let us tread the present path
Before Thee, with unwavering feet.

The clouds are glorious when they show
All burning with the crimson ray
Which o'er the lately travelled way
The parting sun delights to throw.
So does the Sun of Life illume
With brightness all the path He trod;
And radiant with the love of God,
The darkest shadows lose their gloom.

O blessed Love! our rest to be,
We trust now to thy guiding hand,

And journeying to the better land,
We walk, O blessed Love! with Thee.
Our present is but dimly seen:
Tread softly on the fallen flower;
Did not the gathering tempest break,
We know not what it might have been.
Regret gives bitterness to woe,
As we our lonely vigils keep,
For soon, alas! our loved ones sleep,
Our tears too wildly flow.
We sing of joy, but as we sing,
Sad echoes waken at the strain,
And as the notes come back again,
Changed are the tones they bring;
And we the hapless minstrel blame,
Because the notes are not the same.
We look upon our neighbour's face,
Whose beauty pleased our eye of old,
We dream not that our glance is cold,
As on the darkened brow we trace
The tale of care that Time hath told;
Nor turn to see that on our own

The wrinkles are as deeply shown.
Our steps are heavy with the dust,
They mock the swiftness of desire,
That urges on our faltering steps
Up the steep pathway, ever higher.
The landscape varies on our view,
As the far mountain-top we gain;
The sky is clearer, but alas!
We miss the blossoms of the plain.

We weary of the cloudless sun,
Before the summer's day is done;
Too hot his beams, too bright his rays,
We long to walk in shady ways;
But far behind the forest lies,
With leafy trees so darkly green.
And though they only hid the skies,
When we beneath their shade had been,
Their waving on our memory comes,
Like tales of love from distant homes.

Exiled from Eden's pleasant bowers,
Man in his heart an image bore

Of the calm beauty which they wore;
And longings strange are often ours,
For the sweet peace, the rest, the joy,
Which we may not on earth possess,
Except in dreams that give to us
Glimpses of scenes so rich, so fair,
They cannot picture glory less
Than the lost bowers of Paradise.
But in our childish hours we say,
"These are the pleasant scenes that lie
Before us 'neath a brighter sky,
Which we shall reach some after day."
In haste we leave our joyous play,
For that far goal to hasten on;
We come, and find its beauty gone.
Our steps we may not then retrace,
On! on! there is no resting-place.
Yet must some dear deceit be brought
With which to soothe the weary thought;
And to the past we fondly turn,
Shake out the ashes from the urn;
They kindle still, with life and heat,

There flows the stream for ever sweet,
Our childhood's home, so free of care,
There lies the Eden ever fair.
In light or gloom, still after change
Our restless thoughts unceasing range.
Some, when their woes too heavy press,
To gay songs turn their grief's excess;
Some make sad musings their employ,
From very weariness of joy.
Nor does it seem enough to bear
Quietly the meed of present pain.
We borrow from to-morrow's care;
The debt too well repaid again
Takes not an atom from its share,
But to the other adds in vain.
While through the wilderness we tread,
Our promised wealth is daily bread;
We scorn the gift, with anxious fears
That stretch into the coming years,
And for those treasures vainly weep,
Which we, possessing, could not keep;
While manna dropping from the skies,

Upon our path ungathered lies;
Till in the burning heat of day,
Like summer's snow, it melts away,
And is to us, when it is gone,
As dew upon the lifeless stone.

In that fair home of which we sing,
Life still is in its summer prime;
Unfolded are the gayest flowers
Which bloom beneath that sunny clime.
The sky is radiant still with light,
The joyous breeze is roaming free,
And scatters fragrance all around,
From stately flower and bending tree.
Still Zella drinks delight from all
The outward beauty round her spread,
And with the sweetest, fairest wreaths,
Love still is garlanded.
No rose hath faded on its stem,
But by another bud replaced;
Decay among those bowers hath left
No footsteps to be traced.

Yet musing there, doth Zella hear
A murmur faint and low,
As if some mournful stream was hid
These flowery paths below.
A sadness o'er her spirit comes,
A feeling new and strangely wild :
As birds that, when the sky is mild,
Soar far, like bright embodied forms
Of joy, to sport amid the light,
Returning soon, with ruffled plumes,
To tell us of the coming storm,
Although the cloud is not in sight
Whose gloom the lightning flash illumes
With swift dread ruin, to destroy
The brightness of our summer joy :
So do her thoughts returning bear
A heavy load of nameless care.

Yet why do mournful thoughts intrude
So oft upon our hours of gladness ?
Why is the earth-bound spirit's food
A mingled cup of joy and sadness ?
Vainly we ask, for who may sound

The hidden mysteries of being,
Or pierce the impenetrable veil
Spread by the Unseen, yet All-seeing?
In this the morning of our life,
The shadows round our path are rife
On valleys thrown by towering hills,
By willows on the sparkling rills,
By passing clouds on summer bowers,
They lie around us everywhere.
And oft the brightness of the day,
And of the sunbeam's light, we know
Only by shadows which they lay;
And oft, alas! those shadows hide
The angel watching by our side,
Whose loving hand still leads us on,
And parts for us the tangled boughs,
That round us would so darkly close,
And mar our speed, when tried alone;
Whose whisper'd warnings oft we hear
With thoughts that mingle doubt and fear,
While songs of joy that reach the skies
Are echoed only by our sighs.

A leaf upon the waters borne,
And thrown on some far distant shore,
Hath led the way to lands unknown,
By billowy paths untrod before :
With many sign-posts pointing now
The highway of the seas doth show,—
Some placed among the stars of heaven,
And some among the rocks below.
Their snowy crest the waves may heave,
By barks unnumber'd freely cross'd,
Safe wafted by the favouring gale,
Or by the sweeping tempest toss'd :
And oft have sounding lines been cast
O'er all the track across the main,
Yet have some shallow spots been pass'd,
Some depths, unfathom'd, still remain.

Even so we trace each other's steps,
Nor ours alone one path may claim,
Yet mirror'd in life's stream is shown
To each a something not the same.
As through a panoramic glass

We gaze upon the shifting scene,
Some watch the rainbow, some the cloud,
And some the spreading fields of green.
Sway'd by the gentle summer wind,
The branch bends with the autumn fruit
The prelude of the vesper hymn
Is played upon the ready lute;
While the touched string reverberates still,
With the glad orisons of morn;
And onward through the deepening night
The echoes far are borne;
The zephyrs dreaming 'midst the flowers,
In dreams repeat each silvery tone,
And thus through all the changing hours
The song of life flows ever on.

Time keeps the promises which hope,
In whispers sweet, so softly made,
Of joy matured to happiness,
And sunlit paths with blossoms spread.
'Tis summer still, and Zella's heart
Is flush'd with pride, for round her come

Those loving angels, bearing flowers,
That make the summer bloom of home.
Among the fragrant sweets of morn,
How pleasantly the sunbeam walks,
And 'neath his steps the daisy buds
Bend gracefully their slender stalks;
Half hidden in the violet's leaves,
Enshrined the pearly dewdrop lies,
Reflecting back the day's warm smile,
Like unshed tears in childhood's eyes.
Light vapours rising from the heat
Of the flush'd earth may veil the scene,
And throw upon the glowing sky
The dimness of the twilight screen;
Or frowning o'er the distant hill,
Slowly the heavy thunder-cloud
May spread its gathering shadows far,
With darkness like night's deeper shroud.
So round the summer noon of life
The gloom of midnight sadly closes,
When mourning love reluctant makes
The little graves among the roses.

Hard thoughts are swelling Zella's breast,
When weeping by her children's tomb,
The love which watched their growing joy
Rebels against their early doom.
Tears are the dew of sorrow, shed
From clouds where rainbow colours shine
Of heavenly love, and when they fall,
Bright verdure clothes the lowly shrine.
But ah! no tender beam of love
Can Zella through the darkness trace;
Dear was the sunshine, swift the storm,
And yet she knows no hiding-place.
And yet 'tis but a summer gloom,
Through which the morning sun will break,
The sky with brightness reillume,
And songs of joy again awake.
She weeps, yet must for others dear
The wildness of her grief restrain;
Still lisping voices claim her ear,
Nor shall they plead for love in vain.
Nor can she hear his voice unmoved,
Who seeks her sorrows to divide;

She smiles,—for it is summer still,
When Arthur mourns at Zella's side.
Kind words fall sweetly on the ear
From voices which we love to hear,
When every gay and happy tone
Is but an echo of our own:
Words, which interpreting the thought
Which yet we had no power to speak,
Reveals the wish, half-formed and weak,
And turns it to its own sweet note.
But sweeter far such accents sound,
When grief lies heavy on the heart,
And love, that mourns with us, puts on
Joy's semblance with a gentle art,
That scarcely hides the mask it wears,
Yet soothes the sorrow which it shares.

The clouds have pass'd, and earth and sky
Are vocal with the harmony
Of happy voices sweetly blending,
From bird, and bee, and murm'ring stream;
And as the echoes are ascending,

To mix with higher strains they seem,
And float away, when angels raise
The holy anthems of their praise.

The balmy zephyr softly waves
The tree that shades those little graves;
And scarcely can the leaves be seen
To show their verdure through the screen
Of snowy blossoms o'er it spread.
What fruit will show when they are shed,
The years will tell which, as they come,
Bring autumn to that summer home.
When it was but a tiny stem
This tree was watered oft by tears;
The bloom of beauty which appears,
Perchance hath drawn its life from them,
Which the soft rain and genial dew
Of heaven alone must now renew;
For Zella's eye is turned away
To watch her children at their play.
She hears their shouts of mirth and glee
Through the bright sunshine ringing free;

They bring her gifts of forest flowers,
And round her steps they fondly cling,
Her heart keeps time, as oft they sing
Gay songs unto the laughing hours.
O'er all her watchful cares extend,
On all her loving glances bend;
To all she shines, where'er they roam,
The sun that cheers that happy home.
Each link seems perfect when apart,
But twining round the parent's heart,
More closely bind the loving bands,
When joined by all those little hands.
And Zella's heart is overflowing
With love for all, and while she shares
With one so dear that peaceful home,
Sweet is her toil, and light her cares.

Oh, human heart! how restless and how vain
Art thou, oft turning from a seraph's strain
Of heavenly music for thy pleasure sung,
To weep o'er some poor earthly lute unstrung;
Rejoicing in the sweep of tempests wild,

Charmed with the prattle of a little child,
Too great for earth thy strange desires to fill,
Yet to its smallest trifles clinging still;
Crush'd down and darken'd by life's weary load,
And yet a fitting temple for a God.
An heir of all things, yet possessing nought;
Calm in the storm, yet madden'd by a thought;
Whatever land hath been thy place of birth,
In the wide circle of this teeming earth;
Whate'er its history, or clime, or name,
Thy hopes, thy fears, thy destiny, the same
Remains. The offspring of one parent seed,
To the same end thy varied pathways lead;
Through pleasant ways by summer beauty crown'd,
Or where the winter storms alone have frown'd;
On to the grave, and that mysterious land
Beyond, at whose dark portals death doth stand.
Some scorn the crown of life, and live no more;
Some from the lowest depths of bondage soar,
And wondering meet the glory to them given,
From clouds awaking to the light of heaven.
Some, ere death's gloomy pathway called to tread,

Must see the sunlight of earth's gladness fade;
Give up the wealth of love so long possess'd,
And walk in sorrow to a holier rest.
The first sad note is struck, the wail begun,
And gathering shadows till the day is done.

The day is gone, the summer day,
So bright, so beautiful, so gay;
The pleasure and the joy are o'er,
They, like the hours, return no more.
The sun is setting in the west,
O spread the peaceful couch of rest!
The wavy clouds like curtains fall
O'er the horizon's arching wall;
Around the monarch closely drawn,
They part not till the morning dawn.
How brightly shines each graceful fold,
Rich crimson, mixed with grey and gold;
But darkening shades soon veil the light,
And leave to earth the solemn night.
Hush'd is the voice of mirth and song,
That rang the woodland bowers among;

With drooping head and folded wing,
The little birds are slumbering;
The treasures of the flowery dell
The bee hath hid within its cell;
And resting there amid the spoil,
It strengthens for to-morrow's toil.
The butterfly no more is seen
Among the blossoms wandering;
On sportive wing so gaily drest,
In purple robe and yellow vest,
In tulip cup or lily's bell
It yields to night's resistless spell.

The day is gone, the summer day,
So bright, so beautiful, so gay,
Into the past, with silent tread,
And dewy tears at parting shed
Upon the flowers, which sadly wave
Their bending forms above its grave.
It is the hour when soft emotion
Awakes the spirit of devotion;
When silence with its shadowy hand

Points to the dim, the untrodden land.
Strange forms unknown may meet us there—
O let us seek the strength of prayer!
With grateful praise for what our eyes
Have seen of beauty in the past:
Still let our earnest pleadings rise
For courage in the darksome night;
Or, should the morn be overcast,
For strength to hold our course aright.

A change hath pass'd upon that summer home;
Not autumn, coming with its sober tread,
Bending 'neath treasures of full ripened fruits,
A plenteous table there to spread;
Not winter, with its chilling breath, to bind
The sparkling streamlet, or on hill and plain
To throw his snowy mantle, wrapping all
Till skies are bright again.
Still o'er the gay verandah trails the vine,
With its rich clusters ripening in the sun;
Around the bower the opening roses twine,
The streams still freely run;

The song of birds is through the dim woods ringing
At morn and eve o'er all the sunlit earth;
But with their echoing music mingles here
No sound of childhood's mirth.
There is a stillness in the summer air,
The breeze is faint; beneath its load of balm
No glad voice stealing on the listless ear
Breaks the oppressive calm.
Here never more may Zella's path be traced
By dewy pearls shaken from the flowers
O'er which her steps have passed—she rests no more
At noon in sunny bowers.
There have been strange wild voices talking woe,
And heavy sighs choking the fever'd breath,
And burning tears that scarce would cease or flow,
And agony, and silence, but not death.
Not death! Yet all those tender ties are sever'd,
And by a ruder hand have they been broken
Than when the messenger of God fulfils
The words in wisdom spoken;
Calling some fainting pilgrim of the earth
Unto his place in the fair spirit-land;

For oft this is not parting, but uniting
A happy band.
Home of the weary, thou dark silent grave!
How sweet to Zella thy calm rest appears.
She wept the dead, but now the living claim
Sorrow too deep for tears.
Joy bends toward us with bright smiling eyes,
That ask our sympathy, and we may look
Upon its roses like the gilded wreaths
Around a pleasant book.
But grief is sacred, with the bowed head veiled,
Breathing no sound, dumb in its bitterness;
We may not rudely on the sorrow gaze,
Who cannot make it less.

Farewell thou happy home! for we must follow
Thy exiles to the darkness of their doom,
Leaving the sunny plain and shady valley
For scenes of grief and gloom.
Farewell thou happy home! why should we linger
Upon thy flowery paths when all are gone,
Like guests left by a cheerless host amidst

The banquet-sweets alone?
Spirit of change, that through those peaceful years
Among the summer flowers hast lain conceal'd,
Thou hast awaken'd, and thy shadowy form
Moves swiftly, all reveal'd.
We follow thee o'er shrines and temples fallen,
And crumbling ruins on thy pathway spread;
Love's pearls, priceless once, unheeded lying,
Crush'd 'neath thy ruthless tread.
Thou sparest nought of all our boasted treasures,
The dearest idol none from thee can save;
Upon life's threshold thou our steps attendest—
We part but at the grave.
First to the darkness of a prison-dwelling
We follow thee, where a proud captive pines;
While by his side, her heart with anguish swelling,
A helpless child reclines.
She the most cherished by her tender mother,
The stricken lamb in that long-sheltered fold,
To whom the noontide and the starry even,
Or the bright morning with its beams of gold,
Come not to break the midnight that had gathered

In life's young morn, upon her lustrous eyes;
Which, though they sparkle, yet can bear no image
Of the gay coloured flowers and shining skies.
Of all who by his side so long have sported,
This child alone is left his lot to share;
Nor counts he kind the one poor act of pity—
Amid such cruel wrong—which left her there.
For scarcely can we know that happy father,
So changed, so full of gloom the look he wears;
Or that fair child, now to her blindness added
Such a strange weight of other heavier cares.
Upon her ear his groans of anguish broke,
And in her breast a courage woke,
That undisturb'd before had lain:
And she so weak, a very child,
Who wept at even slightest pain,
Grew in her sorrow strong and mild.
While crush'd and fallen as he broods
Amid those dreary solitudes,
Dark thoughts arise of pride and scorn,
And feelings of revenge and hate.
He sees the grief for him alone,

Feels but its bitter weight
Pressing upon himself, and deems
The sorrow all his own.
With gentle words the child would strive
To win from him some smile of love;
With her soft hand his tears she dried,
But vainly every wile she tried;
Too hard the lesson was to learn—
He only grew more cold and stern.
At length her hopeless task was done,
That loving voice shall plead with him no more,
O lay her down beneath the trees to rest!
Where the young graves were hollowed long before,
The pillow where she sleeps no tears may water,
But fairest summer flowers the spot shall crown.
Calmly she now shall rest, the worn and weary;
Her task is o'er, O lay her gently down!

And he has passed long months of silent gloom,
Deep buried in that living tomb;
The golden summer went and came,
But left its winter still the same.

No more do visions of the past
Before his sight a radiance cast;
No more doth hope's bright smile adorn
The dawning of some coming morn.
While as he hails the pleasant change,
Wild passion murmurs of revenge
For all this weight of grief and pain,
This prison gloom and galling chain;
No change, no joy, he cares to see,
So wrapt in lifeless apathy.
At length into his prison walks
A graceful woman, fair to see;
She brings him help, the bolts are drawn,
And he again is free.
Free, as those waters which once bound
'Neath polar skies in winter's chain,
From the dark mass by summer loosed,
In floating icebergs still remain.
And yet he has a home as fair,
Wealth flows into his careless hands;
In jewels deck'd, beside him stands
A bride with shining hair;

Rich in her beauty and her lands,
Where the rich harvest waves,
Rich in the pride with which she walks
Amidst her bending slaves.
Unmoved their cry of pain he hears,
Meets her fond glance or angry tears;
Wrapt in his own cold scorn he lives,
Adds nothing to their heavy tasks,
Nor ever frowns, nor ever asks
The smile he never gives.
He looks upon the woods and streams,
Bright skies, and sunny lake;
They might have been his prison walls,
For any joy they wake.
One hour alone he seems to hail
With something of a softer mood,
When over lake and stream and wood
Night spreads her sombre veil.
When all was hush'd in earth below,
Then would he wander to and fro;
And watch the stars, as they appear'd
Upon their silent way,

With gaze intense, as if he fear'd
To lose one passing ray.
But where his busy thoughts were led,
As those bright worlds above him roll'd,
What grief was soothed, what hopes were fed,
To none he ever told.

One night, while wandering thus alone,
He heard—in whisper breathed—his name,
And with a start his steps he stay'd
By the low hut from whence it came.
There, laid upon a heap of straw,
A woman's wasted form he saw;
Her cheek was sunk and withered,
Her eye was faint and dim,
But her voice was like the last soft note
Of a sweet-tuned Sabbath hymn.
Is it *to* him who listening bends
At the low door she tells her needs,
As conscious he had come to aid?
Ah! no, it is *for* him she pleads,
Pleads for him in his loneliness,

And with a love so true and deep,
Till the low earnest tones are lost,
And calmer breathings tell of sleep.

It is the spirit's last repose,
Ere all its earthly wanderings close.
And like a friend, who takes farewell
Of scenes well known, beloved too well,
With lingering steps, that fondly stray
Through each sweet shade and flowery way,
Where every leaf and flower appears
To claim the parting gift of tears;
So does the lingering spirit cast
A farewell glance o'er all the past.

The language strange, the sable face,
Her savage mother's wild embrace;
The wood-path lost, the dread surprise,
The cruel men with cold bright eyes;
The great waves with their crests of foam,
The beauty of her exile home;
The pleasant hours she sported there,
Her mistress then so good and fair;

The tales she told of love and truth,
The coming of the stranger youth;
The long watch by his fever bed,
The love that all her toil repaid;
Her joyous life, her children's grave,
The ringing knell, that called her slave;
Her boy's fierce struggles to be free,
Her infant's shouts of childish glee;
The market-place, the crowd, the sale,
The bold rude jest, the helpless wail;
The long dark years of ceaseless toil,
When blood and tears oft fed the soil;
Her fellow-slave's long-suffering woe,
Whose gentle pity oft would flow
In deeds so kind, her soothing tone,
The story sadder than her own;
The tale of hope so strange to hear,
Told by such voice, in such an ear;
The breaking through that long despair
Of the calm morn of peace and prayer;
The after hours of growing love,
The glimpse of that sweet home above;

The quiet trust, the humble faith
In Him who bought it with His death :
All swiftly follow in her dream,
As a light bark on rapid stream.
She nears the shore so blest to gain,
And all is o'er of grief and pain.

No struggle to the listener told
The moment when the spirit fled,
But as the morning o'er him broke,
He bent above the dead.
With heavy steps he turn'd away,
He in his scorn of love so brave,
Walk'd trembling in the light of day,
While angels watch'd the lifeless clay
Of the Heaven-ransom'd slave.
And Zella sleeps more softly there
Than when her summer sky was fair,
And love and joy around her play'd,
And in her heart a summer made ;
Her wrongs and sorrows all forgot,
The toil and pain remembered not.

And this was she so well beloved,
Who all that weight of woe had borne,
Now freed from all, gone home to dwell,
Where joy no cloud hath ever worn;
Where love is perfect as the light
That doth those radiant skies adorn.
We wonder, as the tale we read,
How such a path to heaven could lead.
O raise the song of blessing high!
Praise, till our voices reach the sky.
When crush'd beneath some heavy load,
He sinks upon life's weary road,
Man hears his brother plead in vain,
He fears to shame his fellow-men;
But God, before the angels' sight,
In all their spotless robes of light,
Can from His throne of glory bend,
And in the meanest claim a friend.

Summer Musings.

FIRST PART.

FLOWERS are unfolding their sweet leaves, and throwing
The treasures of their perfume on the breeze,
And silvery streamlets, through the valleys flowing
With gentle murm'rings, seek the distant seas;
For summer now, in sunshine and in beauty,
Is reigning over every hill and plain,
While in the leafy woods, their pleasant duty,
The song-birds greet her with a joyous strain.
The lark on high his thrilling hymn is pouring,
The honey-bee hath left her wintry home,
The butterfly on glittering wing is soaring,
And gladness meets us wheresoe'er we roam.
I hear the voice of happy childhood ringing,
So blithely gay from many a daisied lea,

And thoughts of gratitude and praise are springing,
God of the summer, in my heart to Thee.
Thy bounteous hand this beauteous robe is spreading:
My Father, 'tis thy power sustains the whole!
Can I do aught but praise when Thou art shedding
The sunshine of thy peace thus in my soul?
Seen in the bosom of a sparkling river,
The bending flowers appear more softly fair;
And stars that shine in cloudless glory, ever
Reveal their deepest secrets mirrored there.
Beneath the circling tide the leaves expanding
Glow with a radiance never mark'd before;
And on the margin of the waters standing,
We seem to tread Heaven's star-enjewell'd floor.
Thus in the love of our Almighty Father
We read new blessings brightest scenes among,
And gazing on this fountain, joy may gather,
While holiest musings swell our summer song.
Spring, with its happy voices round us breathing
Sweet melodies, and Summer's gorgeous bloom,
And Autumn with the hand of plenty wreathing
Its golden garland o'er the floweret's tomb:

Even Winter hath its charms; each coming season
Brings to the grateful heart a theme of praise,
Experience telling in the ear of reason
That holy, just, and good are all His ways.
Shall we, who after higher wisdom yearning,
Deplore our weakness, ever pine in vain,
When from each hour its proper lesson learning
We to more perfect knowledge may attain?
For all things speak of Him, could we but listen
To the deep teachings of Infinite Mind,
The cloud that darkens and the stars that glisten,
The rolling thunder, and the whispering wind,
When through the earth the loosened streams are rushing
With the free mirth of the awakened Spring,
Hope with fair promise gloomy thought is hushing,
And gaily tuning every voice to sing.
But how its gladness shall my spirit measure
When opening to the Summer like the flower?
Soon may it fade, so let me haste to treasure
The sunny beam that gilds each passing hour;
O let me wander in the flowery meadows

When the young morn with light the heaven arrays,
'Neath cloudless noon and evening's pensive shadows
Pour from my heart the melody of praise.
  The blushing morn appears, and sportive graces
Attend her airy steps, a merry train,
Leading the sunbeams into quiet places,
And waking drowsy buds to smile again;
The lofty hill is crown'd with purple heather,
Back on its brow the misty veil is thrown;
Proud Phœbus stoops the parting folds to gather,
And twines them in a garland round his own,
Shading its burning splendour, lest the blossoms
That cheerless mourned his absence through the night,
Feeling the fire within their tender bosoms,
Expire in a fond tremor of delight.
How gracefully the mountain-larch is bending,
Her fringed boughs droop on their slender stems,
As that fair captive queen of old, attending
The victor's steps, bent 'neath her load of gems.
First through the shining branches softly breaking
In tremulous notes is heard the bird's low song;
But soon the forest minstrels, all awaking,

The anthems of their morning praise prolong;
And from the valley answering voices meeting,
The flying Echo startled from the shade,
Breathes in her willing ear their joyous greeting,
And with new life revives the fainting maid.
The rose hath caught the glance of her proud lover,
From his high throne won by her beauty's power,
And blushing hastes her treasures to uncover,
And shed her fragrance on the balmy hour;
The harebell on her slender stalk reposes,
A dewy tear shrined in her drooping eye,
While the fond zephyr's scented breath discloses
The hidden spots where the young violets lie.
The modest daisy each green bank is wreathing
The sweet Marguerite of ancient days,
When valiant knights their deadly weapons sheathing,
Touch'd the soft lute to their fair lady's praise.
Strange in an age so dark with deeds unholy,
When bloodiest honours to her name were paid,
The haughty warrior in a flower so lowly
Should seek an emblem of his stately maid.
How could a being imaged by such fancies

Inspire her lover 'midst the battle's roar,
Live in the echo of those shivering lances,
Or weave the scarf perchance to stem his gore?
Cold was their faith, ambition, pride, and glory
Were the religion of the olden time;
Though now the lustre of poetic story
Shades with a softened hue their strife and crime.
  Imprisoned in her solitary castle,
Sad was the lot of many a noble dame,
Forbidden by her rank from serf or vassal
Affection's tender sympathies to claim.
Yon distant ruin then was proudly throwing
Its shadow on the tall majestic pines,
And life's fair stream through the lone halls was flowing,
Round which the creeping ivy slowly twines.
And there was heard the sound of happy voices
Ringing from childhood's heart a merry chime,
For its free spirit evermore rejoices,
In the world's age, as in its youth or prime.
What reck they of Ambition's deadly pleasure?
The spear and sword are only toys to them;

And stores of gold were but a useless treasure,
When pebble-stones are precious as the gem.
There sported two—a gay and joyous creature,
A blue-eyed girl, with shining flaxen hair;
And like his sister, though of bolder feature,
Was the brave boy who was the baron's heir.
Oft had the Spring with verdure clothed the mountain,
And Autumn winds the faded leaves had strewn,
And winter chain'd with icy breath the fountain,
Since to the distant wars the knight had gone.
And with a kindling glance their dark-eyed mother
Would tell them wondrous stories of his fame,
Though sighs would rise she vainly strove to smother,
And tears fell fast on her embroidery frame.
Day after day, in earnest labour bending,
The glowing scenes rose 'neath her busy hand,
With matchless skill her silken colours blending
To trace the picture of that foreign land.
There warlike hosts the battle-field were treading,
And Moorish heroes in their turbans frowned;
And foremost in the ranks, the victory leading,

The figure of her lord with laurels crown'd.
But heavy years rolled on, and Time, the softener,
Brought to her sinking heart no healing balm;
She only wept her absent love the oftener,
And her cheek faded while her brow grew calm.
Oft from her toil her trembling fingers resting,
She watch'd her children with an anxious gaze;
For wearied hope her gentle life was wasting,
As for his glad return she ever prays.
She wore her beauty like a veil about her,
To shade the fairer spirit shrined within,
And her soft eyes rain'd smiles on all without her,
As though to purer hopes their thoughts to win.
One sunny eve, her lovely babes caressing,
A deeper sigh from her sad bosom sprung;
The cheek grew cold their rosy lips were pressing,
And love's sweet accents died upon her tongue.
They laid her in the vaulted chamber, meetly
Array'd with cross and rosary on her breast,
And it may be that she shall slumber sweetly,
For only noble bones beside her rest.
The convent bells in heavy chant are pealing,

Through the dim aisles the solemn echoes roll,
While the pale nuns on the cold marble kneeling,
Send up their prayers for the poor lady's soul.
O bitterest of griefs to turn and leave them,
Our own beloved ones, with the worm so low;
Taught by our creed we still have power to grieve them,
And by our cold neglect prolong their woe.
Say is it not enough that we remember
The words unkind which pain'd in other years?
Nor soon will memory the dark gift surrender,
But lengthens out its shadow, through our tears.
Hail to that better light whose early morning
Broke on our land so brightly as it rose,
With purer faith our altars still adorning,
And lighting up the graves where they repose.
But all is changed, the ruin fast decaying
Alone remains to tell of what has been;
O'er the deep morass lowing herds are straying,
Where the dark forest frown'd, the corn waves green.
Yet better far than all their ancient splendour,
The pleasant villages that round us rise;

And waking thoughts of peace more true and tender,
The distant church spire pointing to the skies.
The humble cottager, his wishes bounded
By the short circuit of his native vale,
His all of earth by yon low hedge surrounded,
Writes on the book of Time a sweeter tale.
And not on Time alone; eternal ages
Shall from oblivion the lost records save
Of those who, as they traced its simple pages,
To Truth a holy life their witness gave.
There is no power in outward pomp or grandeur
To win for us the favour of the sky;
The secret worshipper, when kneeling under
The lonely fig-tree drew the Master's eye.
He sees in secret still, and well approving
That faith which seeks in Him life's better part,
To purer light, to holier wishes moving,
The still small whisper breathes within the heart.
O happy spirit, who would dare to cumber
With language strange its eloquence of love?
By counted beads the fervent prayers to number,
Or pictured saints to guide the thoughts above?

'Tis mockery, all this semblance of devotion,
Which through material forms its homage pays;
Those lifeless forms which check its pure emotion,
And bind to earth the soul we seek to raise.
And mockery deeper still is that which measures
The deeds of virtue, their reward to name
From Him who, from the riches of his treasures,
Freely bestows those gifts which none may claim.
There is a stream of living water flowing
From Calvary's hill, opened by love divine,
Which o'er its darkness cleansing virtue throwing,
Makes every offering with new brightness shine.
And ever onward, like some mighty river,
While Earth is darkened by the clouds of woe,
With healing power, with blessed sweetness ever,
Through coming ages shall those waters flow.
They too of old, Jehovah's word believing,
Drank of this fountain—it has ever flowed:
Thus Abram went, the goodly land receiving,
And Enoch was not, for he walked with God.
As viewless words responsive thought awaking,
As odour breathing from the morning flower,

He who our worship claims, His throne forsaking,
Dwells in the lowly heart, a living power.
Prayer is no more a loveless form of duty,
But a delight which could our years employ,
Dearer than all this Summer's wealth of beauty,
Sweeter than all its morning songs of joy.
And by such high communion ever growing
To nearer likeness, as the morning's ray
Brightens and burns until the skies are glowing
With the full radiance of the perfect day;
Onward we walk, the path of light pursuing
With steadfast feet, whatever clouds may roll,
While at this sacred fountain life renewing,
No storms can blast the summer of the soul.

SECOND PART.

Why do ye come, ye golden-footed sunbeams,
Floating so lightly through the blue serene
Of arching skies, to rest by the still streams,
Or wake the flowers from their enfolding green?
Is it for this alone such troops are swelling
Forth from the glorious chambers of the noon,

To paint with hues of heaven our earthly dwelling,
Rich in the rosy garniture of June?
Or are ye now a brighter pathway laying,
By which our guardian spirits may descend,
When to sad mortals gracious visits paying,
Their way from the celestial courts they bend?
Swifter than light, it needeth not your shining
To guide those white-wing'd messengers of love
To the lone spots where weary hearts are pining,
Who yet with them may share the joys above.
But are there weepers 'neath the radiant glory
Of sunshine from the dark earth-waking flowers?
The time for grief is when the year is hoary
With chilling snows and tempest-beating showers.
When all the outward world is robed in sadness,
And the cold blast is moaning out its fears,
Then is the time to veil the spirit's gladness,
The dreary time of sorrow and of tears.
Though beauty on the flowery mead reposes,
Swift falls the blight in this ungenial clime;
June's fickle sky frowns on its brightest roses,
And mourners wear their weeds in summer time.

Yon bird that left its nest at early morning,
With songs of joy the rising day to hail,
May find it desolate at noon returning,
And its glad song be changed to sorrow's wail.
Full many like the bird sweet hopes have cherish'd,
And careless left them some unhappy hour,
In haste returning but to find them perish'd,
As in the sunshine fades the tender flower.
No angry blast the yielding bough hath shaken,
No night has darken'd o'er the sunlit sky;
But friends have fallen asleep, no more to waken,
Some on life's path have pass'd us coldly by.
As varied as the tuneful numbers filling
The echoing vales with gladness as they flow,
Comes earth's sweet music with deep sadness thrilling,
In sweet, though mournful melodies of woe.

Why do ye come, ye golden-footed sunbeams?
Last year I sang when summer flowers were gay,
And my fond heart was wrapt in pleasant day-dreams,
Now, like those perished flowers, all pass'd away.

The earth is green again, and bud and blossom
Renew their beauty on each sunny plain;
Yet is it winter in this sorrowing bosom,
Which mourns one flower that wakens not again.
I seek the paths we oft have trod together;
I am alone; no voice to mine replies.
I meet thee not by vale or sparkling river;
Thou art not here to bless these summer skies.
I pause, and look around in silent wonder,
To see the gaudy flowers so gaily spread;
I hear the birds sing, and in sadness ponder
If yet they do not know that thou art dead.
Dead! O how oft my trembling lips had spoken
The fearful word ere I believed its truth!
Dead, and the golden chain for ever broken
That link'd the happy moments of our youth.
I stand beside thy grave, the flowers are blooming
Above thy slumbers, and their fragrant breath
Perfumes the breeze; no winter cloud is glooming;
Sunny and bright, this quiet place of death
Invites to rest, while from thy couch upstealing
A peaceful calm subdues my troubled thoughts;

I look above, and faith to sense revealing
The spirit's home, thy form before me floats,
Robed in the garments of celestial blessing,
A crown of glory on thy radiant brow:
Such a pure joy thy holy smile expressing,
Though still I weep, I cannot sorrow now.
Sing, happy birds, and I will join your chorus,
Pouring Hosannahs by this lowly tomb;
Praise to the glorious King who pass'd before us,
Who with his shadow lights this path of gloom.
Praise to the love which told us of that mansion
Prepared of old by his Almighty hand,
Where life shall yet attain its full expansion
In the long summer of the sinless land.
I turn now from thy grave, but not so lonely
As when I sought it first—the spot I leave.
Why should I be so sad, when it is only
A little day that I may parted grieve?
'Twill soon be o'er, the parting and the sorrow;
The toil, and care, and weariness below
Will be forgotten in that bright to-morrow
Where we shall meet, no parting hour to know.

One link to earth is broke, but at its loosing
Another to the better land was given,
When I can whisper, while in sadness musing,
I know thou art a happy saint in heaven.
Let me still upward press, on God relying,
Nor at my weakness murmur and repine:
The love which bore thee on, each want supplying,
Shall in its strength sufficient prove for mine.

THIRD PART.

O beauteous Summer, all the earth is crowded
With thy sweet gifts, and with a bounteous hand
Thou scatterest joy, with light thy path is shrouded,
Thy steps are traced with flowers in every land.
I have been with thee in far sunlit valleys,
When all thy smiles were worn alone for me;
In the sweet shelter of dim-lighted alleys
I have rejoiced beneath thy canopy
Of leaves and blossoms, while my soul ascended,
Borne on thy hymns of gladness to the sky.
Thy first awakening smiles I have attended,
Have seen thy noon-day fade, thy twilight die.

'Tis midnight, and the drowsy world is sleeping
Calmly and still as a soft-cradled child,
With the pale moon in the clear azure keeping
A silent watch, so gentle and so mild,
Like a young mother o'er her infant bending
With a pure joy she ne'er before had known,
While in her heart delight and love are blending
With pride to call so fair a thing her own.
There is no sound—I scarcely hear the beating
Of Nature's heart, so deathlike is her sleep;
Even the proud waves advancing and retreating
Fall with a noiseless motion; on the deep
The stately ship is peacefully reposing,
Her snowy sails around her idly spread,
And misty vapours on her pathway closing,
A shadowy radiance on her form have shed.
The little birds are hush'd in quiet slumbers,
They pour not forth their joyous warblings now;
The nightingale, lull'd by her own sweet numbers,
Dreameth of music on the forest bough.
The drooping flowers are tremulously shaken,
Although the night-winds sigh not in the grass;

It must be angel footsteps that awaken
These light emotions as they onward pass;
Bearing, perchance, unto that humble dwelling—
Where anxious watchers deepest sorrows prove,
And Jordan's waves o'er a young heart are swelling—
The message of a Heavenly Father's love.
Yon distant churchyard soon, alas! may reckon
Another form beloved amid its gloom;
There fond affection oft will sadly beckon
The weary mourners to the lowly tomb.
Shrouded in dust, doth not each dreamless sleeper
In Memory's eye a holier beauty wear?
All save the love that blest the lonely weeper—
Each fault that might have grieved lies buried there.
Yet this is well, for when our lives are over,
When in the better land again we meet,
Not the bright fancy of the fondest lover
Could paint the loveliness we then shall greet.
Here glad songs have an echo of our sighing,
And happiest moments own some sad alloy;
O for that clime where summer is undying,
Not in its flower and sunshine, but its joy!

Where God Himself reveals its light and glory,
Fountain of life to all that blessed throng;
Where each pure lip repeats love's matchless story,
Nor one sweet harp is tuneless in its song.
Some happy time, our eyes on darkness closing,
We may awake amidst its glorious light;
Yet while we wait, upon this hope reposing,
Our present pathway seems more fair and bright.
The night is past, the day again is breaking,
Morn, like a bright-eyed maiden ever young,
Comes with her songs of joy, the earth awaking,
Fresh as when first on Eden's bowers she hung
Her pearly treasures; to her songs replying
Glad echoes sing, and Nature sleeps no more;
But flower and tree, with living voices vying,
Breathe forth their gladness that the night is o'er.

CONCLUSION.

Dreams that are born of yesterday's dull sorrow,
Cannot endure the sunshine of to-day;
So from the dawn of heavenly peace we borrow
A charm to lighten all our earthly way.

As from the darkness of the winter's shadow
The gentle flowers come forth in early spring,
Blooming and brightening o'er each vale and meadow,
The summer's gorgeous covering to bring;
So from our tears, sad memories bedewing,
A power to waken joy is often lent;
The heart grows calm, Hope's promises renewing,
As skies that brighten when the storm is spent.
Hark, from the woods a gayer strain is breaking,
More joyously the sunbeams sweep the plain,
From flower and leafy bough the breeze is shaking
The sparkling pearly drops of summer rain.
There is a balmy freshness in the breathing
Of the rich-scented blossoms that unfold
Their fragrant treasures; shining mists are wreathing
Around the hills their wavy crowns of gold;
In earth and heaven 'tis beauty all and brightness,
Upon the very rocks sweet flowerets rise,
And clouds, like barks with sails of snowy whiteness,
Are calmly floating o'er the smiling skies;
And life is with a freer motion bounding
Through all life-breathing things this glorious noon;

And in my heart the echoes are resounding,
And with their joy my thoughts are all in tune.
Far from the din of cities let me wander;
A pilgrim glad, I tread life's quiet road,
Where pleasant streams through fertile vales meander,
And flowerets mark the silent steps of God.
Oh, how I love to watch the sunlight stealing
With noiseless steps among the forest trees;
At every touch some hidden bud revealing,
As with a gentle hand the perfumed breeze
The leafy branches overhead is shaking
Ever in drowsy motion to and fro;
And, like imprison'd thoughts in glances breaking
From loving eyes, the sunbeams come and go.
Like angels' smiles those joyous beams are falling
On this green bower amid the woodlands dim,
While present bliss and past delight recalling,
I raise with grateful heart my Summer Hymn.

It is summer on the meadows,
And the earth is bright with shadows
Of the white clouds floating lightly o'er the sky;

The bells are gaily ringing,
And the joyous lark is singing,
Ever sweeter as unseen he soars on high.

All is brightness, all is beauty,
To rejoice now is a duty;
Let us fill our hearts with gladness to the brim.
It is flowing o'er the land,
Scatter'd freely from His hand,
Let our songs of blessing sweetly flow to Him.

To Him our God who reigns
Over hill and sunny plains,
We will rejoice with joy exceedingly;
For we know our heavenly Father
Hath spread that we may gather
This banquet of delight so full and free.

Let us wander o'er the mountains,
Let us rest beside the fountains,
And taste the grateful odours breathing round;

While in garments rich and golden,
Robes royal, rare, and olden,
The monarch of the day is robed and crown'd.

At noon it is too bright
To roam beneath his light,
We will seek the shelter of the leafy grove;
There a mossy couch is spread
For our pleasure, in the shade,
Until evening tempt us forth again to rove.

On a crimson throne of splendour,
The sun listens to the tender
Soft farewells of the zephyrs low and sweet;
Then sinks into the ocean,
With a slow and graceful motion,
While the white-brow'd waves are crowding round
his feet.

Praise, praise, join all our voices;
Each living thing rejoices,
For the glory of the summer blesseth all.

Praise for morning's bounteous showers,
For the noon-day's radiant flowers,
For evening, and the night's ambrosial pall;

For the friends who walk beside us,
Whose firmer footsteps guide us
Through the paths that wind the summer bowers among.
We walk 'neath cloudless skies,
And our praises higher rise,
For the pleasant voices mingling in our song.

Shall we forget them never,
Whose memory shineth ever,
A star to cheer us when all else is drear?
With tears our eyes oft glisten,
Where in gayest scenes we listen
To the songs no other sung when they were here:

Our loved ones who are sleeping,
Where silent dews are weeping,
And the opening flower above their slumber waves;

Hath the summer any gladness,
Any charm to soothe our sadness?
Can we sing a song of praise beside their graves?

Yes, for the heaven above us,
That fair home where those who love us,
Those crownéd ones beloved, do with Him dwell;
They whose smiles in youth's fair morning
Shone around us, life adorning
With a radiance which we yet remember well.

When their last adieu was spoken,
What holy ties were broken!
The clouds were looming darkly o'er the hill;
When they left us, the true-hearted,
Oh what sorrow to be parted!
For that hour our voices, praising, falter still.

It is past. Now let us rather
Look forward, onward, farther,
To the time of happy meeting yet to come;
When we from earth up soaring,
Shall rest when they are pouring
Their praises in that brighter summer home.

Praise, praise, in sweetest measure,
For all the countless treasure
Of summer beauty which we look upon;
For friend, and sun, and flower,
That bless the present hour,
And for the memory of summers gone!

For the hope that points before us,
When winter darkens o'er us
And the leaves by tempests scatter'd round us lie,
To the summer coming after
With flower, and song, and laughter,
And the warm sunshine and the cloudless sky!

For the promise to us given
Of the summer rest in heaven,
When the pleasure and the toil of earth are o'er;
Where songs are ever flowing,
Where joy is ever growing,
And the winter's blight can reach us never more.

Laüna.

O LAÜNA! I am weary
For thy coming long delayed;
Tell me to what blessed realm
Of light and beauty thou hast stray'd;
What can tempt thee there to linger,
While I wait in sadness here?
Watching, weary, for thy coming,
Trembling between hope and fear.

Will this dark cloud never vanish?
Shall the sky no more be bright?
Though the moon and stars are shining,
Now I cannot see their light.

Day, with sunshine clear and glorious,
Can alone this night dispel;
Till it dawns, the cloud must gather;
Still in darkness I must dwell.

Till thou comest, loved Laüna,
I must ever hopeless pine.
We shall meet some happy morning,
Then shall joy again be mine.
We shall meet! O dream of gladness!
Treasured in my heart, I hold
Joy's rich flowers, that in thy presence
All their beauty will unfold.
Rise, fair sun, and bid them blossom,
All their fragrance is for thee!
Dawn, glad day of sweetest promise,
Let me now thy smiling see!

I am waiting for thy coming,
Haste thee, for the night is cold;
I am waiting, as the earth waits
For the morning's beams of gold:

Waiting as the spring-time waiteth,
Till the sun, with genial power,
Shall bring forth her wealth of blossoms
For the summer's fragrant bower.
I am waiting, as the summer
Waits for autumn's mellow hand,
From the laden boughs to scatter
Gifts of plenty o'er the land.

All things wait! Youth waits with long-
ing
For the strength of manhood's prime;
Man, with toil and care o'erburden'd,
For some calmer aftertime.
Sounding through the whole creation,
Promise of new joy is borne;
Even the unrobed spirit waiteth
For the resurrection morn,
To attain the full perfection
Promised in that higher sphere—
Then restored to blessed union
With the dust now sleeping here;

Waiting there, the spirit resteth,
We must here unceasing range;
Still our promised good pursuing
Through the twining paths of change.

Night is banish'd by the morning,
Morning soon is lost in day,
Day gives place to evening's shadows,
All things change and pass away.
All things change, our joys are fleeting;
Sorrow weeps itself to sleep;
Wake, sad heart, to own thy sorrow,
Better thou should'st wake to weep,
Than beneath this heavy sadness
Pine through all the coming years;
As the spring shower wakes the flowerets,
Joy may waken at thy tears.

I have lost my loved Laüna,
Lost her, she, so kind and dear,
And a mournful voice is breathing
Ever sadly in mine ear,

Whispers of the home of silence,
Of the dark and narrow tomb,
As if she were laid to slumber
In that resting-place of gloom.
Gone for ever, gone for ever,
All the listening echoes sigh,
While I call upon my lost one
With a wild and bitter cry.

It was in the early spring time
That she faded from my sight;
Now the autumn fruits are gather'd,
And the distant hills are white:
But I have not heard the reapers
Singing on their homeward way,
Have not seen the flowerets bloom-
ing
In the summer's golden ray.
I have lost my loved Laüna!
This the cause of all my woe;
Lone and weary I have sought her,
Wandering sadly to and fro

O'er the rugged mountain pathways,
Through the deep and silent glen,
Where we oft had roam'd together,
I have sought her all in vain.

At each turn I thought to meet her
Hastening on with eager feet:
She was gone,—but would be waiting
On the distant mossy seat.
There I came and found it vacant,
Yet a lingering brightness lay,
As if there her smile had rested,
Pausing on her onward way.
By its radiance charm'd I waited,
Dreaming of her swift return,
Till a wail of sorrow woke me,
Woke me but again to mourn.

Passing through the busy city,
Oft I start with glad surprise,
As I meet the welcome smiling
Of her gentle loving eyes.

Then my trembling steps I quicken,
Pressing through the crowded street,
Till some cold hand checks my hurrying,
Or a stranger's form I meet.
I have sought her in the woodlands,
Sought her by the sounding shore,
But I meet my loved Laüna,
Meet her smiling, never more.

Gone for ever! gone for ever!
Still the dreary echoes sigh,
Still with wilder burst of sorrow
Giving back my bitter cry.
O this heavy load of anguish,
I its weight no more can bear!
Haste! O haste, if thou would'st save
me
From the wildness of despair.
Like a dark and gloomy gateway,
Grief is shutting out the past;
E'en the memory of thy beauty
From my heart is fading fast.

I no more will mourn thy passing,—
Midst the raging tempest's power,
Does stern winter pause to languish
O'er the summer's buried flower?
Gone are all my dreams of gladness,
Perish'd like those flowerets fair;
Trees are leafless in the valleys,
It is winter everywhere.

It is winter in the city,
Where in sorrow and in crime
Death and sin are daily reaping
Harvests through all changing time.
Now the days are short and sun-
less,
And the dreary mist comes down
Like a grizzly phantom, throwing
Its pale shadow o'er the town.
Stars may gem the depths of ether,
From early night till lingering dawn,
But they cannot pierce the curtains
Round the silent city drawn.

All is darkness, dull and heavy;
Fancy staggers through the gloom,
Staggers like a startled sleeper
Groping in a haunted room.
Lamps like glow-worms thinly scattered,
Flickering dimly through the glass,
Show a ghastly face of terror
Flashing on us as we pass.
On the damp and muddy pavement
Children run with naked feet,
Brutal men and haggard women
Shout and quarrel in the street.

In low hovels, dark and loathsome,
Want's sad victims starve and die;
None on earth to bring them succour,
None in heaven to hear them cry.
From those haunts of hopeless misery
Wealth may coldly turn aside,
Flinging scanty alms at random
From its stately place of pride:

But there comes an hour of reckoning,
Comes a shadow darkening all,
Flitting now round pauper coffins,
Now on costly sable pall.

Piercing shrieks of woe and famine
Ring on the polluted air,
Waking up the ready fever,
Like a lion from his lair.
From the homes where hearths are cheer-
less,
From the long and crowded lanes,
Where the doors rot from their hinges
Between rag-stuff'd window-panes;
Into parlours warmly curtain'd,
Glowing with a sunny ray,
As if summer here was hiding
Treasures hoarded in its play;
Through the closed and barréd shutter,
Midst the happy group he stalks:
Death, with sharp and gleaming sickle,
Flits behind him as he walks.

At his touch some loved one shivers
With a dread of growing pain;
Soon the hungry fire is leaping
Madly through each quicken'd vein.

Not on downy couch to slumber,
Now the weary form is laid;
On a hard and stony pillow,
Lies the heavy aching head.
Loving eyes may look upon him,
But their anxious gaze appears
Like the form of mocking demons,
Thirsting for his burning tears.

So, in this dark hour of sorrow,
I have seen life's summer fade,
And no star of hope is beaming
Through the clouds, above me spread.
Life is dark, and cold, and cheerless,
All is winter, all is woe;
Doubt within my heart is freezing
The warm currents, as they flow.

Earth is but a gloomy graveyard,
Heaven is distant and unseen;
O'er the sepulchre of beauty
Cypress wreaths hang darkly green.
Hopeless words and sighs of mourning
Drown the pleasant voice of song,
And my spirit broods in silence
O'er its sorrow and its wrong;
Or in wrathful and despairing
Mood, against its burden wars,
Like a chain'd and cagéd eagle
Beating at its prison bars—
Beating with strong wing, yet powerless,
Till the feathers strew the ground,
And the life blood streameth freely
From the self-inflicted wound.

Wildly through long nights of sadness,
Still must burn the wasting fire;
Now with sudden gleam of redness,
Now in brightness, bursting higher;

Till the feeble taper flickers,
And no more the light awakes,
Or some peaceful sunny morning
Through this gloomy midnight breaks.
But no dawning glory brightens
Yet, across the lowering sky,
Looking out into the darkness,
With a dim and troubled eye;
Gathering from the clouds above
me
All the sorrow which they bear,
Seeing not the light of blessing,
Which may still be shining there:
Seeing but the thorny pathway,
And the faltering, weary feet,
Not the angel hand that parts them
When the thorns too closely meet.

Like a fever wild and fitful
To my weakness lending power,
Throwing dusky gleams of firelight
On the darkness of the hour,

Comes the thought of deeds of great-
ness,
Which my feeble hand may dare;
I shall clothe with summer's verdure
All those leafless boughs so bare.
Round me crowd the fever fancies,
'Gainst all memories waging strife.
Ah! the past was pining sickness;
This is real,—this is life!
I shall war with human suffering,
Set the trembling victims free;
On the altar of my sorrow
This the sacrifice shall be:
And the incense breath, ascending
From the strange and solemn fane,
By its sweetness yet may win me
Solace from this heavy pain.

Who shall keep me from the struggle,
While the friendless suffer wrong?
I shall help the weak and feeble
In their battle with the strong.

I shall brave the boldest tyrants,
Trampling on another's right;
Conquer, crush them, in my triumph,
Like a hero in his might.
When the world was in its childhood
Warriors stood with open brow,
Bidding crownéd ill defiance;
Wherefore should it rule us now?
See, they come, a countless army,
Hurrying breathless in their speed;
To the foremost ranks they call me,
I the victory shall lead!

Who is daring thus to hold me?
I, with such a noble aim—
Must I drink my words of boasting,
Like a poison'd cup of shame?
A dread weight is on me pressing,
Who has forged such cruel bands?
At the darkness I am striking
A powerless reed, with chainéd hands.
They, for whom I sought to labour,
Mock my passion with their jeers;

"Heal our wounds and calm our sorrows
With the wisdom of the years."

Bands of brotherhood are breaking,
What are they that I should weep?
I will hear their groans unheeding,
I myself apart will keep;
I will work the mines of learning,
Win and wear a sparkling crown
On a calm unwrinkled forehead,
Unimpress'd by smile or frown.

Dread and awful, creeping o'er me,
Comes a withering sense of sin:
Can I bear this lonely thinking
With a pure eye looking in?
Love, ambition, wealth, and pleasure,
Every earthly dream of good,
I will seize them, I will people
With bright forms, this solitude.
I, who would have walk'd above them,
With a free and stately tread;

Like a proud, dethronéd monarch,
Grasping crusts of pauper bread.

Ashes crumble in my fingers,
The brimming cup I raised is dry,
All is false! If death is real,
Let me taste it, let me die!
Hush, it comes, the hideous spectre,
Hide me from its withering sight;
In it lies a cloud of terror,
Darker than the darkest night.
"Fool, be still! 'tis but a moment,
And the grief and pain are o'er,
And thy shatter'd bark is landed
Safely on a sunny shore."
On the wall a hand is writing,
"The rebellious wish is crime;"
Though the gates of heaven stood open,
Dare I enter ere my time!

Higher rise the heaving billows,
Farther seems the pleasant shore;

Must I, like a sinking swimmer,
With them wrestle ever more?
Is there any friend can save me,
Cure my sickness, soothe my care?
From mine eyes hot tears are stealing,
As I clasp my hands in prayer;
On my lips the accents tremble,
Like a child's first lispéd word,
But a heart of love was watching,
And a Father's ear hath heard.
Now I feel my burning temples
Cooling 'neath a gentle hand:
Odours on my cheek are breathing,
From the green-bower'd Spirit-land.

Who hath spread so soft a pillow
For a weary head to rest?
Sweet it is to have been weary,
Such a pleasant change to taste.
Happy thoughts are swiftly chasing
From my sight each form of gloom,
And a starry light is streaming
Downward through the quiet room.

Mirror'd in that starry radiance,
Stands a pillar pure and white,
With a tale upon it written,
Shining out in colours bright.
And I read in deathless whispers,
Words that make my heart rejoice,
While a symphony melodious,
Fills the pauses of the voice—
Now with a triumphant beating,
That upon my spirit thrills
Like the sound of martial music
Echoing through the summer hills;
Now in sweet and soothing numbers,
Like the flow of hidden springs,
Like the pleasant hymns of childhood,
Or the sweep of cherub wings.

We sit upon a mossy bank,
My friend and I together;
We sit to see the flowers unclose
In the bright summer weather.

Oh, close we sit, my friend and I,
And though, beneath the sun,
The lengthening shadows show two forms,
We know there is but one.
That we are one, how well we know
We cannot be apart,
For with our love the life is join'd
That floweth in our heart.
Like the mingling scent of roses
Growing on one leafy stem;
Like the meeting rays that brighten
Midnight's glittering diadem;
Like a tune of sweetest measure
Play'd on harps of equal note,
Softly touch'd by skilful fingers,
So our thoughts together float.

We have been friends since childhood's
hour,
When love and hope were young,
And opening joys around our path
Like dewy blossoms hung.

We pluck'd the fair buds as they grew,
And shook the pearls around,
Yet scarcely crush'd them, as we pass'd,
So lightly o'er the ground.
We walk'd together to the church,
On the peaceful Sabbath day,
Together join'd the holy psalm,
Together rose to pray.
O'er the same book our heads were bent,
The daily task to con;
Dim were the eyes, and hard the words,
When they were learn'd alone.
How well we knew the pleasant spot,
By silvery willows hidden,
Where the first primrose ever came,
Like a welcome guest unbidden.
We gather'd daisies on the green,
Or in the summer's prime,
Along the burn, or through the glen,
Our wandering steps kept time.

Around the windows clustering hung
The ripe and rosy cherries;

And when the sheltering woods were brown,
How plenteous were their berries:
Sweet were the fruits we gathered then
From Autumn's bounteous store,
And sweeter memories, to remain
A treasure ever more.
How joyous were our sports, amidst
The winter's piercing cold;
We chased each other down the ice,
And giant snowballs roll'd.
The wondering guess was gravely heard
When merry tricks were planned;
No whispering voice the secret breathed,
When we went hand in hand.
We told each other pleasant tales,
We clapp'd our hands with glee,
There seem'd to be no end of joy,
Such happy hearts had we.

O sunny days of early youth!
O peaceful golden hours!
That found us gay, and left us glad,
As the bird in summer bowers.

Not like those tribes that roam afar,
When summer's light departs:
We made it summer where we dwelt,
By the sunshine in our hearts.
We never wearied *then* of life,
Nor sigh'd for what had been;
And if we wept, those dewy tears
Kept love's fond memories green.

We travell'd through far sunny lands
On fancy's airy wing,
Or, soaring o'er the clouds of earth,
Heard angel voices sing.
How long and cloudless was the day,
How soft the evening's light,
And sweet the happy dreams, in which
Our spirits met at night!
And now, when those long days are
past,
With their free careless hours,
We sit together on the bank,
To watch the opening flowers.

What though the woods are distant far
Where our young footsteps stray'd,
And strangers walk the garden paths
Where we so often play'd?
Around us flowering valleys stretch,
Above are cloudless skies,
We miss them not, when thus we look
Into each other's eyes,
And meet an image smiling then,
As in life's early dream;
It has been fed by many springs,
And clearer flows the stream.
As trees that deeper fix their roots,
By early tempests torn,
So closer, firmer, binds our love,
From griefs together borne.

And still our voices blend, though
now
They have a sadder tone,
As we talk of flowers that wither'd
In the summers that are gone.

Yet we say, their seeds were scattered
Round us by the autumn wind,
Some bright spring, where they have fallen,
Fairer blossoms we may find.
Often are the fruits of sorrow
Sweeter than the gayest flowers,
Nursed amid the brightest sunshine
Joy can shed on earthly bowers.
And we talk of God our Father
Watching o'er us in His love,
Smiling in the flowers beside us,
Shining in the heavens above.
We are children, let us ever
Lean upon our Father's hand,
He will guard us, He will guide us
Safely to the Better Land.
We have words of truest promise
Written in His holy Book,
Shining there, like priceless diamonds
Sparkling in a silver brook.
Songs of praise to Him are flowing,
In leafy woods, on sunny plains;

Trees are waving, lambs are bleating,
Earth is glad, because He reigns.

We have heard His love and kindness
Whisper'd by the balmy gale :
Hymn'd by birds in songs of glad-
ness,
Told in many a wondrous tale ;
We have listen'd, till the echoes
Blend with all our pleasant thoughts,
And our eager, trembling voices,
Strive to swell the joyous notes.
Sitting here amid the sunshine,
On this mossy bank to rest,
Snowy white we see a pillar,
In the shade of roses placed.
Where long cherish'd hopes lie buried,
We have rear'd this pillar fair ;
To no other eye it showeth,
Pure and spotless, standing there.
While the lark is gaily singing
In the blue sky overhead,

Let us write upon this pillar
Words that may be freely read;
Like the monumental record
O'er the dust that feeds the worm,
Telling only of the beauty
That shall clothe the rising form;
Like a spirit wing'd and glorious,
Floating through celestial light,
Through the words may beam the gladness
That has cheer'd our sorrow's night.

Songs though faint, in blessings ended,
To higher strains our thoughts may raise;
If the notes at first should tremble,
We will strengthen as we praise.
It may be the years that follow
Bring us more of care and strife,
And our fainting steps may falter
In the toilsome march of life.
Some calm eve, when, worn and weary,
We this mossy bank may seek,
And the tale upon the pillar
To our spirits then may speak

Hope and comfort; while above them,
Shining brightly like a star,
Bending through the clouds of midnight
From its peaceful home afar,
Stands the thought, a pleasant preface,
Picturing a flowery clime;
That we traced them here together,
On a happy summer time.
Though the eye be dimm'd with sor-
row,
Or the gathering mists of age,
Clear will show in blessed sunshine,
Memory's pure and hallow'd page.

Sweet affection ever growing,
Ever brightening like a sun
O'er a fadeless noontide resting,
Ne'er will pass, till life is done.
From thy heart the rays of gladness
Still will kindle joy in mine,
Backward with no borrow'd radiance,
Thence reflecting bliss on thine.

Thou to me a sun, with verdure
Clothing leafless wintry bowers;
In thy love's exalting reverence,
I the sun, and thou the flowers.
O this joy of mutual being!
This ineffable delight!
Life in purest essence mingling
With all creatures fair and bright:
Life from one glad source outflowing,
Through all things that breathe and move,
From the dust awakening flowers,
In our bosoms, living love.
Can our life be ever darkened
By the storms that meet us here,
When the heart from which it floweth
Summers in yon higher sphere?
Once for us abased and humbled,
Sorrow's thorny path He trod,
In the garment of our nature
Veil'd the Majesty of God.
Suffering, dying, Christ, the Brother,
Bore our load of sin and pain;

Now exalted high, He pleadeth
Gifts of joy for us to gain.

Round this centre star of being
Circle all the beams of light;
From this source the Spirit radiant
Shines, dispelling all our night.
O this strange and mystic union,
Clasping human and divine!
Thou for death our nature wearing,
We for life partaking Thine.
One with Thee, the crown'd and mighty,
We must conquer in the strife;
Mortal, yet o'er death triumphant,
In our glorious Christ the Life!
We our being's holy purpose
Now behold revealed in Thee,
Thy perfection bearing promise
What our ransomed life may be.
God exalting, God enjoying,
Resting, we no more aspire;
This the sum of all possession,
This the end of all desire.

While our earthly path pursuing,
Duty's voice no more is stern;
Thy command of truest wisdom
In its teachings we discern:
Thee obeying, trusting, loving,
We rejoicing still shall raise
To Thy throne, our voices mingling,
Fervent prayers and thankful praise.

For this present home we praise Thee,
Rich with gifts of summer bloom;
For the hope that cheers us, gazing
Through the portals of the tomb:
For the joys we share together,
For the griefs together borne,
For life's calm and peaceful noon-
tide,
For its bright and happy morn;
For whate'er the years may bring us,
Knowing that the end will be
Endless blessing, when they bear us,
In their passing, nearer Thee:

Ever nearer, ever closer,
'Till this feeble sight grows dim,
And our earthly language faileth
To sustain life's holy hymn;
And this mortal, sinking, dying,
Leaves the ransom'd spirit free,
Clad in robes of sinless beauty,
To ascend and dwell with Thee.
Joys of earth unmoved forsaking,
Far above its clouds we soar
To the paradise of glory,
Praising, praising, evermore.

O cease the strain, and closer draw,
For some cold hand is bringing
A cloud so dark before my face,
I cannot see thee singing.
I hear thee, but thy voice appears
From higher realms to sound,
As if thou with the lark hadst
soar'd,
And no returning found.

The sun is low, the shadows long,
—Those shadows are untrue,—
For now they only show one form;
I know there must be two.
O closer twine thy loving arms
Around thy form so fair;
I circle mine, but still they seem
To clasp the viewless air.
Thou wear'st a smile so beautiful,
I cannot long be sad;
But in the pauses of our song
A strange wild dream I had.
It haunts me like an evil thought,
From which I would be free,
And I know that it will soothe my grief
To tell it o'er to thee.

A cloudless sky above us shines,
The summer woods are green,
And the flowery valleys bear no trace
That winter here has been;

But o'er the memory there come
Sad thoughts in sorrow born,
Of lonely watchings in the night,
And sleepless eyes at morn;
Of cold and piercing blasts, that smote
The heart with icy chill—
A shivering dread of coming woe,
No kindly warmth could still;
Of anxious whispers softly breathed,
That on the listener fell,
With a loud start, like the first note
Of some funereal knell;
Sad gatherings in cheerless rooms,
Whose walls look dark and bare,
And echo'd back the words of hope
In accents of despair.
I see a lonely couch that grew
A household meeting-place,
And lying in the curtains' fold
A pale sweet smiling face.
Then comes the sound of Sabbath bells,
High in the noontide sun,

And the silence and the gloom of death,
When those solemn bells are done.
Then came a quietness and calm,
As if an angel slept
Within our home, and awe had hushed
The tears we would have wept.
At last they flow, when strangers come
In garb of mourning drest,
And we know that fair and cherish'd form
No more can be our guest.
O weariness! O weariness!
O woe of parting pain!
A weight upon a heavy heart
That ever must remain.
One word, though it should be Fare-
well—
Yet speak it once again!
Slow move the mourners, it is past,
And all our pleading vain.

I pictured thee a happy home,
No cloud, no dark alloy,

But thou wert hail'd with bridal songs,
And I shared not the joy.
'Twas mine, in anguish deep, to watch
The changed and lifeless clay;
Whilst thou put on the robes of white
In regions far away.
I sit beside a new-made grave,
Alone I sit, and weep,
And a dread is in my heart, that thou
Art lying there asleep—
The beauty of thy youthful form
All changed and faded now,
The dust upon thy shining hair,
The cold earth on thy brow,
Thy loving voice for ever hushed
In silence dull and drear;
But now I know the dream is false,
For still thy voice I hear.
I read the records of the past,
Those memories, too, are thine;
And still the echoes of thy voice
Make harmony with mine.

They never part, who hold a love
So pure and high as ours;
We still are one, although thy feet
Now walk in heavenly bowers.
The chain of love, unbroken still,
Around each spirit twines;
Its cloudless sun undimm'd, serene,
In brightness o'er us shines.
The treasures of our Father's grave
Still yield a mutual joy;
Though mine is chased by starting tears,
And thine without alloy.
We meet before His presence still—
I worship not alone,
Though I must at the footstool kneel,
And thou art by the throne.
When holy thoughts, in sweetest tones,
Are whisper'd in mine ear,
Thou greet'st thine image in mine eyes,
I feel that thou art near.
And oft upon the mossy bank,
My friend and I together,

We sit to see the flowers unclose,
In the bright summer weather.
My gaze is upward turned, no more
The shadow's form I trace;
For with a pleasant smile the sun
Is shining on my face;
My heart is full of love, in life,
A blessed light I see,
I taste the joys of heaven, when thus
I mingle praise with thee.

I have seen a peaceful vision,
I have heard a holy tune,
Sweeter than when gales Elysian
Play among the vales of June.
I have watch'd my gentle Helen
Standing up before the throne,
And a spotless robe of glory
Had my beauteous sister on.
I have found my lost Laüna,
And a shining crown she wore;
All the flowers of all the summers,
That had wither'd here before.

Through the winter sleep of sorrow
Breaks the springtime's glorious ray,
Life, and love, and joy renewing,
Brightening to eternal day.
In a harmony melodious
Earnest voices sweetly blend,
Saint and angel crown'd in glory,
Buried love and living friend.

Ransom'd nature, raise thy chorus!
Sing! the highest note is thine,
Once in sorrow sunk, and fallen,
Ransom'd now by Love Divine.
In the ears of wondering nations
Far the joyous sounds have roll'd;
Stand no more like famish'd children,
Orphan'd, beggar'd, in the cold.
Come, our Father's home is open,
Rest, and peace, and joy are there;
We, its holy pleasures tasting,
Would with you those blessings share.

Yet our words fall often powerless,
Sightless eyes are turn'd away,
Closed in midnight's gloomy darkness,
Heedless of the rising day.
Shall we helpless leave them pining?
Let us wake, the work is ours:
"Bring them in," the Master calleth;
There is room in heavenly bowers.

Is our heart with pity bleeding
At their sorrow and their wrong?
Would we, in life's sternest battle,
Wield the weapons of the strong?
Fighting, conquering, fame and glory
Winning for eternal years —
Chasing, with our deeds of kindness,
Clouds of gloom and burning tears?
Let us seek the homes of sorrow,
Tell the gospel tidings there,
Lead the wanderers to our Father,
By the trusting hand of prayer.

In the inner courts of Being
Holiest angels watch and wait,
Welcoming the meanest pilgrim
Kneeling at their blessed gate.
They, the glorified, who left us,
In that fairer clime to dwell,
Listening, bend, to catch the voices
We may teach those notes to swell;
And their golden harps attuning
To a higher, sweeter song,
Heaven's eternal arches ringing,
Hymns of earthly praise prolong.
Mingling praises, sweet communion
In their purest joys we share,
Love Divine, our glad hosanna,
And the hallelujah there:
We on earth the humble workers,
They the crown'd in bliss above,
Hold one life in holiest union,
With the Lord we serve and
love.

Life no more is like a fever,
Burning in the heart and brain,
With a thirst for peaceful waters
Ever panting, but in vain.
Life no more is like a torrent,
Sweeping o'er a rugged bed,
With a wild and rapid motion
Ever dark and troubléd;
Sweeping on, yet all unweening
Of the ocean which it seeks,
With a hope for ever silent,
With a dread that ever speaks;
Like a harp whose strings are broken,
Moaning out a fitful tune;
Like a sickly infant's wailing,
From its slumber waked too soon.

'Tis a tree whose leafy branches
Glow with heaven's undying light,
Here with tangled roots earth clasp-
ing,
There with fragrant blossoms bright.

'Tis a heritage of beauty,
Parted by a pleasant road,
Leading from earth's shady valleys
To the summer heights of God.
'Tis a wide and noble kingdom,
'Tis a name of old renown,
Mine to guard—a priceless treasure;
Mine to wear—a deathless crown.
'Tis a glorious possession,
Highest boon our God could give,
Father, Son, and Spirit, joining
Holiest blessing, bid us live.
Quickened at the sound, awakening
From the dust, our voice we raise,
And in humble adoration
Flows our song of grateful praise.

The Flower o' the May.

THE baron's towers rise proud and strong,
His lands lie wide and fair;
But his young daughter, Marjorie,
Is the sweetest floweret there.
Her mother looks wi' smiles o' love
On the fair face at her side,
While her father counts her beauties
o'er,
Wi' words of mickle pride.
O many a lover sought her bower,
Wha sadly turned away;
For ill to please, and hard to win,
Was the baron's bonnie May.
There came a harper to the ha'
When winter nights were lang;

He touch'd the strings wi' ready hand,
And mony a lay he sang.
His cheek was wither'd o'er wi' age,
His locks were thin and white,
But the ee that on the maiden smiled,
Wi' youth's warm fire was bright.
His doublet was o' coarsest cloth,
His cloak was worn and bare,
But on each was wrought a cross o' blue,
In silken colours fair.
"Why do ye wear that cross o' blue,
So bright wi' colours fine?"
"It is the badge o' a knight I served,
In the wild wars o' langsyne."
But what has changed the gay maiden?
Her lightsome laugh is still'd,
And the cup she to the harper bears
Wi' trembling hand is fill'd.
Nae mare she dances through the ha',
Her step is hushed and slow;
And sittin' at her mother's side,
Her sighs come deep and low.

"Your sangs o' luve," the baron said,
"They may ring sweet and clear,
They make my Marjorie to sigh,
And ye bide nae langer here."
When summer came, and the young birks
Hung a' their tassels out,
And sweet scents met the westlin' winds
That roam'd the glens about,
The maiden sought her woodland bower,
Beside the waters clear,
To see the yellow trout glide by,
And the birdies' sang to hear.
It canna be the mavis' note
That sounds sae saft and low,
Wi' whispered words o' luve, that make
Her cheeks like crimson glow.
It canna be the harper auld,
Wha at her feet doth pray;
And yet he wears a cross o' blue
Upon his doublet grey.
"Oh, flee wi' me, fair Marjorie,
I've loved ye true and lang,

And hameward to my southron ha'
Alone I canna gang:
'Twere vain to seek your father's towers,
His pride and scorn to dree,
I would but pine in dungeon dark,
And thou in sorrow be.
My steed is swift, my sword is bright,
The way ye needna fear,
And four and twenty stalwart youths
Lie in the woodlands near."
"I canna wi' a stranger flee,
And leave my father's tower;
I'd wither like yon violet,
Stol'n frae her native bower.
Can I forsake my brothers brave,
My mother fond and dear?
Oh, rise ye up, ye gay gallant,
Your words I maunna hear."
The winter nights were lang and mirk,
The sleet was driftin' white,
When by the gate the maid again
Spake wi' the southron knight.

"My followers a' are wearin' sair,
My sisters mourn for me;
Now I am come then, lady fair,
To bid farewell to thee.
Your father will a bridegroom find,
Nae bride shall e'er be mine,
Your norland skies are no sae cauld
As that young heart o' thine.
Far distant on my homeward way,
When breaks the dawn, I'll be,
And ye wi' smiles may greet the
day,
And think nae mair o' me."
She laid her lily hand in his:
"This night I'll be your bride,
I'll meet you at the lonely kirk,
The twisted oak beside.
For you I'll leave my mountain hame,
My brothers a' behind;
But waes me for my mother dear,
My father, true and kind."

The cock crew loud before the ha',
That sleepin' maids might hear;
The dawn came glintin' up the east,
And touched the Ochils near;
Yet still beside the twisted oak,
The southron knight doth stray:
"My bootless tryste nae mair I'll hold,
It's time I were away."
He turned him round wi' hasty step,
While the tear stood in his ee;
"How could ye break your plighted
troth,
Ye false, fair Marjorie?"

"O why this morn does bonnie May
Sae close her chamber keep?
I'll ride without my stirrup cup,
Since she sae sound maun sleep,
Unto her, when she seeks the ha',
Her father's blessin' tell,
But wake her not till I come back,
If she wake not hersel'."

The gloamin' mists were gatherin' grey,
When homeward frae the chase
The baron rode bold up the steep,
And a cloud was on his face.
"The deer were swift, the hounds were slow,
The ready scent they miss'd;
I rode without my stirrup cup,
My May I hadna kiss'd."
Wi' heavy tramp he trod the ha',
Nor wife nor child could see.
"Oh, sleeps she still," at last he said,
"My bonnie Marjorie?"
In haste he to her chamber came,
Nae sleepin' maid was there,
But on her bed was left a lock
O' her lang gowden hair;
And near it lay a snaw-white glove,
Marked wi' a cross o' blue,
And a feather that had often flapp'd
When far the raven flew.
The baron's brow grew black and stern,
For well he read the sign.

"I'll make nae maen for that light leman,
She is nae child o' mine."
They spread the feast as they were wont,
Held wassail in the ha',
In laugh and jest the baron's voice
Rang loudest o' them a'.
But oft her mother bent to hide
The salt tears in her ee,
And her brothers speir'd wi' wonderin' look,
"Where can our sister be?"
But little kenn'd they a' how changed
Was that young smiling face,
And little wist the southron knight
O' his bride's sleepin'-place.
In the dark stream beside the fa',
Aneath a treach'rous stane,
O there the bonnie Marjorie
Lies cauldly a' alane.
The Yule log blazed upon the hearth,
And a' was cheer within,
When to the baron's door a hand
Came tirlin' at the pin.

The touch was light, as snow-flakes fa',
Or leaf by zephyr stirr'd,
And yet the sound rang out sae clear,
That ilka reveller heard.
And they hae open'd wide the door,
When there stood Marjorie,
Wha thought the maiden fair before,
Should now her beauty see.
In fairest robes o' silken sheen
The lady she was drest,
And rarely wrought, a cross of blue
Shone on her snowy breast:
Her hair was deck'd wi' roses gay,
Her gown wi' many a flower,
That neither grew in lowland shaw,
Nor yet in highland bower.
"I am nae light leman," she said,
"But a wedded bride sae true,
And I canna rest wi' my bridegroom,
For the love I bear to you.
Gie me ae kiss, my mother dear,
Your blessin', father good."

The wonderin' baron raised his hand,
And blest her where she stood.
Her brother rose to lead her in,
But Marjorie was gone,
And on the floor a watery foot
Was marked upon the stone.
Sae they hae search'd the darksome stream,
And there her corpse they found,
And now beside the twisted oak
She sleeps in holy ground.
But frae that night, for her fair May,
The mother grieved nae mair,
For she soon gaed to the bowers above,
To meet her daughter there.
And still beneath the birks the stream
Gaes singing on its way,
But aye that maiden's name it bears,
This water o' the May.

Voices.

Often in the dewy morn
Hear I voices soft and low,
Whispering underneath the thorn,
Where the early violets blow;
Ever in a happy tone,
Like the song of childhood's
glee,
Ere a cloud by sorrow thrown
Darkens o'er the memory.
Listening closely, I can hear
Sweet words spoken long ago;
Then I murmur, with a tear,
"Once that voice was mine, I know."

Sitting in the garden bower,
When the summer noon is high,
And the sunbeams' golden shower
Floods with light the azure sky;

With the music of the wind
Mingle words of promise fair;
"Steadfast faith and willing mind,
Cheerful heart to do or bear,
Hope to win a deathless fame,
Strength to conquer every foe;"
Ah! I sigh, in grief and shame,
"That proud voice was mine, I know."

Musing at the twilight close,
When the birds and blossoms sleep,
And the calm of earth's repose
Wakes the stars to watch and
weep;
Trembling echoes round me float,
Breathing of a vain regret
For sweet tones that answer not,
Sun of joy too early set
Ere the radiance of its beam
Made the bud to blossom grow:
Now it is no more a charm,
"That sad voice is mine, I know."

Waking in the solemn night,
'Mid the darkness so profound,
Speaks a voice of calm delight,
Earth is lost, but heaven is found.
From some distant holier sphere
Heavenly music seems to roll;
Hallelujahs sweet and clear
Break on the entrancéd soul.
Lost in wonder and amaze,
All my thoughts with rapture glow;
While a hopeful spirit says,
"This voice shall yet be mine, I know."

In Memory of I. S.

(DIED, AGED TEN YEARS.)

SHE sleeps, oh, calmly now and deep,
Tho' cold her bed to us may seem;
She never wakes from it to weep,
Nor starts from any painful dream.

No aching head, no burning brow,
No more of weariness or dread,
Shall vex the immortal spirit now;
All that can die is dead.

She wakes in beauty far away,
Where joy is a continual guest.
Why should we mourn her little day?
All that can live is blest.
Call it not death, to lay aside
This weary mortal frame, to stand
From all pollution purified,
Unfetter'd in the Spirit-land.
O God! 'tis only death to be
For ever lost to heaven and Thee.

One Year After.

THE wintry snows have wrapt the earth,
And Spring among the flowers has been,
And Summer's voice of joyous mirth
Has echoed through the woodlands green.

And now the Autumn's sombre shade
Is waning into Winter's gloom,
Since thy beloved form was laid
To slumber in the silent tomb.

Thou hast not waken'd at the call
Of song-birds, when the lime trees wave.
Affection's voice is powerless all,
It brings no answer from thy grave.

Life had for thee no twilight hour,
The night fell o'er its morning ray,
And dews upon thy summer flower
Were sparkling when it died away.

How slowly have the seasons pass'd
With us amid the strife of time!
And shadows o'er the mountains cast
Are gathering darker as we climb.

Oh, were it not for Bethlehem's star,
Which shows a glorious resting there,
We had not strength to toil so far,
Or death's cold partings so to bear.

Farewell, the days are on the wing
Which bring that solemn hour to me,
When all of earth to which I cling
Must pass, and leave the spirit free.

Yet ne'er till life itself depart,
Can I forget thine early doom;
I'll guard thy memory in my heart,
And read sad lessons from thy tomb.

The Use of Sorrow.

When with my Heavenly Father I would talk,
Then I forsake the gay and busy crowd;
The merry circle leave, and flowery walk,
When greetings meet me, pleasant, yet so loud,
They drown the still small voice that speaks within,
And would with me more grave discourse begin.

Within the shelter of this quiet room,
Ere the day's toilsome pleasure has begun—
Beneath the stillness of night's silent gloom,
When the dull task is o'er, the labour done,—
Up to His throne my fervent prayers ascend;
Far from the world I meet my Heavenly Friend.

Moments how bless'd! but oh, there intervene
So many hours that must to earth be given;
Long busy hours, that darkly lie between
My wearied spirit and the rest of heaven:
While present cares about me crowding come,
Make me forget I seek a better home.

But when my Father would bring me more near,—
He round His child a closer curtain folds;
Shuts all vain pleasures out from eyes so clear,
And in the shade then pure communion holds.
Those shadows are called sorrows, yet I know
That 'neath them oft my joys divinely flow.

The grave He makes a holy meeting-place;
While a sad mourner there I trembling stand,

I see my Heavenly Father face to face,
And feel the pressure of His tender hand;
While my dear Saviour's voice dispels all fear:
"Father, let those I love be with me here."

I would not then part lightly from the grief
Which thus divides me from the world's vain joys:
In this calm sadness there is sweet relief
From the wild turmoil of its ceaseless noise.
Is not to earth the peaceful starry night
As grateful as the day's returning light?

Thou, O my Father, doest all things well!
And all Thy gifts both good and perfect are.
When I shall in Thy presence come to dwell,
Above this changing scene exalted far,
Clouds shall no more our place of meeting be
But I, in light, shall ever dwell with Thee.

Alice May.

No sunny home had Alice May
When flowers were in their bloom;
She dwelt amidst the city's crowds,
Within a dingy room.
Her mother's wealth a bed of straw
In a dark corner laid;
In summer, on the dusty streets
The little Alice played.
And yet she was a pretty child,
With curling flaxen hair,
A softly dimpled rosy cheek,
And brow as lily fair;
Bright eyes, that beam'd with happiness;
Sweet lips, that ever smiled;
For the warm dews of heaven had nursed
This floweret of the wild.
A sunbeam, shining through a storm
Upon a wintry day,

A star seen on a moonless night,
Was pretty Alice May.
She learn'd the hymns of holy love,
And sang them o'er and o'er ;
The stories of the blessed Book
Were all her infant lore.
When round her the rude jest and song
Rang through the tainted air,
She whisper'd to her Father God
Her simple words of prayer.
And lying on that bed of straw,
How calm and sound she slept !
For ever by her side his watch
A shining seraph kept.
One wintry night, when the wild storm
Was blowing fierce and cold,
The Father called His little lamb
Home to the parent fold.
Her mother wept with anguish keen,
Those smiling eyes to close ;
But angels sang when to the sky
A white-robed cherub rose.

And now the tales her child had loved
The mother longs to hear,
The church bells on the Sabbath morn
Sound sweeter in her ear.
Her other children may grow up,
And leave their lowly home,
But never from her mother's side
Again shall Alice roam.
She stands beside her when she reads,
And when she bends to pray:
A constant messenger of love
Is now sweet Alice May.
O pleasant are the memories
Of children early blest;
They brighten, like the unseen stars,
The pathway to our rest.
And happy they unto whose love
This high reward is given,
To gather from the desert wastes
Those daisy buds of heaven.

Ministering Angels.

"I believe it is a mercy that our eyes are shut, to save us from angel worship; for I do so believe in the ministry of angels, that I do not know but if I saw them I might be led to give them homage."—*From Notes of Conversations with the late Dr. Duncan, Professor of Hebrew, Edinburgh.*

THEY are with us in the darkest hour,
They are with us in the light:
They guard us all the sunny day,
And through the starless night.
They walk about our dwellings,
With folded wings they come;
And they fill with holy musings
Full many a quiet home.

Above the heaven-bound pilgrim,
Within the crowded town,
They draw aside the clouds of sin,
To let the blessing down.

When pain and sickness bind us,
They stand beside our bed,
And tears of tender sympathy
And pitying love they shed.

They meet us in the peaceful shade
Of lone and silent woods;
And flowers spring up beneath their feet
In pathless solitudes.
O speak to me, ye angels bright!
O talk of happy things!
Whisper sweet thoughts, to chase away
All vain imaginings.

My soul is often dark, mine eyes
So oft dimm'd with a tear,
I cannot hear your pleasant words,
Nor own your presence near.
But now I feel your shadows clear
Upon me, as you pass;
I know you moving through the trees,
And gliding o'er the grass.

A smile of soothing gentleness
Shines downward from your eyes ;
Your breath falls softly on my face,
As incense from the skies :
Like some delightful melody,
That charm'd me in my youth,
Around me float your voices
In loving words of truth.

My bosom glows with purer hopes,
My dreams have less of sin ;
And with a heavenly radiance burns
The spirit light within.
What though all earthly music
May lose its blissful tone,
When friends, too fondly trusted,
Forsake us one by one ;

And summer's light departing,
Leaves a winter cold and drear :
Can life be e'er a weariness,
With those glad spirits near ?

I thank the God of angels,
Who sent them down to earth,
To cheer its gloom and sadness,
And give calm feelings birth.

I bless Thee, O my Father!
For all that Thou hast given,
To wean me from earth's meaner joys,
And woo me up to heaven:
For the sorrow that must try me,
In exile as I roam;
But more, for the kind messages
The angels bring from home.

Art Thou the Christ?

As John's disciples came of old,
Sent from his lonely prison home,
Through the long ages of the past,
So do we still to Jesus come.

We seek Him, as on earth He walk'd,
A weary Man, oppress'd with care:
While humble crowds around Him throng'd,
Himself the meekest, lowliest there.

Art Thou the Christ, we wondering ask,
By seer foretold, by poet sung?
The promised Saviour of our race,
Of David's royal lineage sprung?

Art Thou the Star of Judah's line,
Who comes his fallen house to raise;
Set Zion's captive daughters free;
Wake Israel's songs of sweetest praise?

Art Thou the King whose glorious reign
Shall bless the longing world with peace,
Disarm the power of death and sin,
And bid the wail of sorrow cease?

Art Thou the Christ? we ask, and wait,
Intent, the answering words to hear:
Yet turn an eager gaze the while
On the strange sight that passes near.

The blind get sight! The dead are raised!
Lepers are cleansed! The lame are heal'd!
Glad tidings to the poor are told,
And holiest truth to all reveal'd!

That voice hath more than mortal sound;
Those eyes with heavenly blessings shine.
"Behold the works!" we hear Him say,
And kneeling, own the power Divine.

Thou art the Christ! O Jesus, hear,
When now before Thy throne we pray.
Thy lowly work on earth is o'er,
Thy glorious power remains for aye.

Thou art the Christ! Lord, heal us too,
For we are wretched, poor, and blind;
We come, O Saviour, to Thy feet,
Healing and light and life to find.

We come, nor turn unbless'd away,
Thy loving heart for all has room.
Our answer'd prayer to praise is changed,
We haste to tell, The Christ is come.

Dreams of Heaven.

CHILD of the laughing eye,
Careless and free,
Tell me what smile of joy
Heaven wears for thee.

"The flowers of that land
Are all fairer than this,
And no winter comes o'er them
To darken our bliss.
My lost mother is singing
Those bright bowers among;
'Twill be heaven to hear her,
So sweet is her song."

Maiden who weepest,
Sad and forlorn,
What dost thou sigh for
In heaven's happy morn?

"A friendship undying,
A truth that shall last,
No fears for the future,
No grief for the past;
No cold frown to chill me
In eyes that I love;
This—this is the heaven
I look for above."

Man of the furrow'd brow,
Wither'd and old,
Say, what do those realms
To thine eyes unfold?

"I am weary with breasting
The billows of time,
And I long for the peace
Of that sunnier clime.
No toil and no trouble,
No sorrow, no tears;
I shall win back the freshness
Of youth's faded years."

Christian, scorn'd and forsaken,
Yet calm in thy faith,
What seest thou beyond
This cold region of death?

"All, all that can waken
Glad thoughts within,—
A mind ever busy,
Yet no whisper of sin;
My Saviour exalted,
That glory I'll share,
And his love-breathing accents
Shall welcome me there.
All my work shall be worship,
Each song shall be praise;
Oh! my joyous hosannas
How fondly I'll raise
Unto Him who hath won me
My robe and my crown,
And the sun of His favour
No more shall go down.

Oft it shines on me here
In this lowly abode,
And the holy heart's heaven
Is the smile of its God."

The Angel's Visit.

An angel to the earth had stray'd,
His golden harp was in his hand;
And with a skilful touch he play'd
The anthems of the better land.

Sweet are the notes, and full of peace
The words, which to the numbers flow;
O ne'er has music aught like this
Been heard the heavenly courts below.

He pass'd amid the changing crowd
That throng'd a city's busy street,
When voices mingled harsh and loud,
With heavy tread of weary feet.

He strove to soothe, with his glad strain,
A fair child, who stood weeping near;
But woke the softest notes in vain,
He never raised his head to hear.

And gentle maids with smiling eye,
And rosy lips and shining hair,
And form that might with seraphs vie,
Pass'd heedless of the heavenly air.

And men with high and haughty look,
Went proudly on their hurried way;
Their haste no loitering then could brook,
They never heard the angel play.

At length his steps a temple found,
He sang the worshippers among;
The walls alone gave back the sound,
Unanswer'd rose the holy song.

In purer, loftier tones he praised,
The air with melody was fill'd;
No grateful tongue the chorus raised,
And not a heart responsive thrill'd.

Again another chord he tried,
The sweetest ever heard in heaven,
Hosannah! to the Lamb who died,
All honour to our Prince be given!

"Hosannah! 'twas for me He bled,"
Full many an eager voice replies;
A blissful tear the angel shed,
And bore the echo to the skies.

O what were all the songs above,
Or hymns which cherubim employ,
To tell the raptures of their love,
Or waft their thoughts of sinless joy?

The praises of the Lamb they tell,
Yet cold to us the strains would be,
Could we not answer, as they fell,
"Hosannah! He was slain for me."

Love's Invitation.

O HELPLESS orphans, cheerless left
Life's thorny paths to roam!
I wait for you with welcome sweet,
Come to Love's happy home!
And you, ye thoughtless children dear,
O leave your idle play!
With welcome free, my golden gates
Stand open night and day.

Ye mourners sad, who spend your days
In sorrow and in gloom,
When all the joy and pride of life
Seem buried in the tomb;
My love shall all your grief dispel,
And wipe your tears away;
With welcome free, my golden gates
Stand open night and day.

Ye happy hearts for whom earth's joys
Their brightest blossoms wear,
The canker-worm of coming change,
And sure decay, are there;
But here the unfading flowers of bliss
In beauty bloom alway;
With welcome free, my golden gates
Stand open night and day.

Ye wanderers poor! Ye sinners lost!
From hope's fair pathway driven,
I wait to bless you with the rest,
The stainless peace, of heaven.
Come all from every land or clime;
O enter while ye may!
With welome free, my golden gates
Stand open night and day.

On the Death of Sir Henry Havelock.

Let us our songs of triumph raise
For the hero pass'd away!
Bring offerings meet of highest praise,
On Havelock's tomb to lay.

With dauntless heart he led the fight,
The first, where all were brave;
But the torch his hand alone could light
Shines now on his lowly grave.

He died not as oft the brave must die,
By hostile foemen slain,
When rolls the tide of carnage high
On the dreadful battle-plain.

He sleeps not as oft the warrior sleeps,
In the cold earth rudely laid;
Where valour crowds in gory heaps
The dying and the dead.

Bright as the radiant clouds that crown,
At eve, the golden west;
So peace shone out as his sun went down,
And he sank to his dreamless rest.

We heard the cry of victory
O'er Lucknow's towers that rose;
When he set the trembling captives free
From the hand of their cruel foes.

And answering to that joyous shout,
Far swell'd the hero's fame,
As the nation's voice went freely out
In one burst of proud acclaim.

"Give titles due his name to grace,
Gold with no stinted hand;
And he shall hold an honour'd place
With the noblest of the land.

"Swiftly across the bounding main
Let our grateful thanks be borne;
Our meed of praise is paid in vain,
Till his brow the crown hath worn."

But a mightier Voice spoke out before,
And a King no power could stay:
"My shield this soldier's head was o'er
In danger's darkest day.

"No hand could smite him as he moved
The vengeful hosts among;
In war and peace my servant proved
He in my might was strong.

"The battle-ground he now must leave,
For the victor's palm is won;
But no mortal hand the crown shall weave
For the work so nobly done."

He hears not the sighs of weeping friends,
Round his dying bed who stand;
He hears not the praises his country sends,
He is gone to a higher land.

His crown is the wreath of eternal life,
His home love's palace fair;
And the wearying sounds of war and strife
Can wake no echoes there.

Now Britain mourns for the warrior brave
Who led her armies on;
And the Christian bends at Havelock's grave,
To weep for a brother gone.

Yet the ground is water'd with blessed showers,
Where such precious life is shed,
And the earth may yet shine bright with flowers
O'er the dust of our holy dead.

Through our own dear land the stream hath flowed,
And the sons of the martyr race
Must scatter afar the seed they sowed,
Till it blooms o'er the world's wide space;

Some with the weapons of vengeance bared,
And some with the blessed Word:
And the trembling foes the first hath spared
Shall yield to the Spirit's sword.

Then as our grateful songs we raise,
For the conqueror pass'd away,
And bring our gifts of highest praise,
On Havelock's tomb to lay;

Let us hail the time when friend and foe
Shall walk in the paths he trod;
And India's nations, bending low,
Shall "worship the Christians' God."

On the News of Sir John Franklin's Death.

THERE rose of old a dream of dazzling splendour,
When, at the court of England's maiden queen,
Bold men stood up, with thrilling tales of wonder,
To paint the land in summer ever green:

The fairy land in cloudless beauty lying,
Beyond the frowning ice-fields far away;
And at the vision many a heart was dying,
With eager hope, to find that fair Cathay.

The poet sung with rapture of its beauty,
And science hailed the truths to be unrolled;
While foremost ever at the post of duty,
The wily statesman portioned out its gold.

We, looking back through all its lofty towers,
Must smile to hear those voices telling then,
That "to find this fabled land of sun and flowers
Is the *one* ambition left to noble men."

They sought it long, all dangers calmly braving,
And though to meet the bold invading band
No armies came, with hostile banners waving,
The gloomy frost-king firmly kept his land.

The vision died at last, when sad and weary,
Each shatter'd crew brought back new tales of woe;
Of strong ships lost amidst those regions dreary,
And comrades sleeping 'neath the wastes of snow.

In after years, the theme again renewing,
Clear Truth his sterner joy from fiction frees;
Men brave the deep (no airy dream pursuing),
To find a passage through those northern seas.

And many a gallant ship the tempests weathered,
And home returned to England's sunny shore,
When science grasp'd the truths so dearly gathered,
And in her high ambition asked for more.

Again for many a year, with hope unfailing,
Though icy mountains guard the hidden path,
And warning voices sound their dismal wailing,
Our fearless sailors sought this land of death.

There came a fearful pause, when Franklin, pressing
With dauntless courage o'er the frozen wave,
Return'd no more, but left the nations guessing
Of how he died, or where might be his grave.

The prize became no land of Fancy's dreaming
For those who went the dreary wastes to tread;
No truths to aid in learning's higher scheming:
We only asked some records of the dead.

At last they came, the mournful truth dispelling
All hopes we might have cherish'd 'mid our woe;
They one and all are dead, and have been dwelling
In the silence of the grave long years ago.

'Tis finished now, the sad and mournful story;
We read the closing lines through blinding tears;

What can we bring to them of fame or glory,
For all the untold suffering of those years?

As time rolls on, to future ages bearing
The meed of history's praise to valour due;
High place among the sons of manly daring
Shall yet be found for Franklin and his crew.

But we, with all those spectres round us flitting,
How can we twine the laurels they have won?
Those gloomy sentinels before us sitting,
We can but sigh, The wild romance is done!

Hymn for Christmas Eve.

FULL many a star in hope hath risen,
And many a radiant sun grown dim,
Since shepherds on Judæa's plains
First heard the herald angels' hymn.

And now again the night comes round,
Renewing to the weary earth
The promise of that heavenly song,
The gladness of the Saviour's birth.

We hear the echoing strains of joy:
We see the stars in glory shine;
And in the manger lowly laid,
We haste to greet the Babe Divine.

In hours of health I love to keep
His perfect manhood in my sight,
To trace the path which He has trod,
While following softly in its light.

But now in weariness and pain,
By troubled fancies sore beguiled,
O blessed Lord, I feel it best
To know that Thou hast been a child—

Hast learn'd to walk by clinging hand,
And all our childhood's weakness known;
In all its simple pleasures shared,
And made its sorrows all Thine own.

Oh ! loving Lord, to me be near,
Press with soft touch my fevered brow,
And cheer me with Thy love divine,
More than a child in weakness now.

And may the happy Christmas morn,
Making the night's dark shadows flee,
Bring back the light of health and hope,
And the sweet joy of life to me.

If life on earth, give purer faith
To Thy dear guiding hand to cling ;
If life in heaven, a glorious song
Of praise before Thy throne to sing.

One Hero more.

By foaming billows wildly toss'd,
At the close of a stormy day,
On the rocky shores of an island coast,
A home-bound vessel lay.

And the sailors' hearts grew cold with fear
As they look'd to the angry sky;
Had they traversed the wastes of the ocean drear,
In sight of their homes to die?

Watching them sadly from the land,
With faces pale and wan,
A group of women and children stand,
And one feeble grey-hair'd man.

"Just such a night," 'twas the old man spoke,
"Nigh fifty years ago,
I boldly climb'd yon farthest rock,
The helping rope to throw.

"But now my trembling steps are weak,
I dare not face the blast."
And the tears roll'd down his withered cheek,
For the strength of manhood past.

Then a bright-eyed boy stept out from the rest,
And he said, "But yesterday
I scaled yon cliff for a sea-bird's nest,
And I bore it safely away.

"I do not fear the booming wave,
I'm a swimmer bold and true;
What I did for sport, I may dare, to save
The lives of a drowning crew."

But once he turn'd: "You'll see that no ill
To the sheep I have watched will come;
My father's hut is on yonder hill;
If I fail, you will drive them home."

Quickly the farthest rock is gained,
And the rope is bravely thrown;
One moment, and every eye is strained,
But the boy from their sight is gone.

The crew were saved, but when night was o'er,
And morn on the waters smiled,
Lifeless and cold on the rocky shore
Lay the shepherd's fearless child.

And pitying eyes on the sight look'd down,
As he slept in death so fair,
With the brown seaweed, for a victor's crown,
Entwined in his golden hair.

Oh! it needs not wealth to lead the
van
In the march of the true and brave;
Nor is it always the grey-hair'd man
Who rests in the hero's grave.

The Ships beyond the Mist.

'TWAS summer, but across the sky
The clouds hung like some heavy pall;
And o'er the sea, all dark and high,
The mist had raised a gloomy wall;

When suddenly, before my gaze,
The sun in noonday splendour shone;
And swiftly, through the golden haze,
Two stately ships went sailing on.

In dazzling rays of glory bright
The sunbeams wrapt each snowy sail;

Like joyous creatures, wing'd with light,
They moved above the misty veil.

Along the skies they seem'd to float,
And as I watch'd the sight so fair,
My thoughts, to pleasant fancies wrought,
Turn'd softly into words of prayer.

I said, "My Father God, do Thou
To me in heavenly light draw near;
For sorrow's clouds have gathered now
O'er my life's path all dark and drear.

"Hide Thou my life with Christ in Thee,
And then in holiest sunshine blest,
My onward course may radiant be,
As those bright ships beyond the mist."

Adaline R. C.

AGED EIGHT YEARS.

PLAYFUL maiden, now at rest,
With the cold earth on thy breast,
With thy bright eyes closed and dim,
Hushed thy pleasant morning hymn,
Little Ada!

In thy picture I can see
Thy short life's pure history;
All the joy thy coming brought,
All the woe thy parting wrought,
Gentle Ada!

Fairest form of childish grace,
Sunshine sleeping in thy face:
What a wealth of beauty lies
Mirrored in thy dreamy eyes,
Pretty Ada!

I can see thee in thy home,
Like some happy spirit come,
Flitting through the summer flowers;
Sweetest blossom in the bowers,
Wert thou, Ada!

I can hear the song of glee
From thy glad heart breaking free,
Brightening all the weary earth
With the freshness of thy mirth,
Joyous Ada!

I can see thy loving smiles,
All thy winsome childish wiles,
Guileless arts to childhood known,
Making every heart thine own,
Darling Ada!

Oh! why must the wintry shower
Blight so soon this cherish'd flower?
Love's fond cares are all in vain,
Breaking hearts must bleed again
O'er thee, Ada!

Ere the moon has left the sky,
Ere the burning tears are dry
For thy youthful brother shed,
Thou, beside him, lowly laid,
Art sleeping, Ada!

Can we grieve that one so fair
Left so soon this world of care?
Jesus bids the children come,
Takes them to His shining home.
Happy Ada!

All the pain and suffering o'er,
Landed on the heavenly shore,
There, amid the angel band
Nearest the throne who stand,
Thou singest, Ada!

Here thy life was not in vain,
Memories sweet of thee remain;
Sunshine through the clouds will break,
Heaven grow brighter for thy sake,
Blessed Ada!

Under the Sea.

In memoriam. JAMES P. CRAIG. *He sailed from the Clyde in the Britannia, on the* 11*th, and died at sea on the* 16*th of December*, 1869.

UNDER the sea, so dark and deep,
Our loved one lies in his dreamless sleep!
And the changing tides may ebb and flow,
They change not his place 'mong the rocks below;
And the waves may meet in their tempest strife,
Like the troubled sea of this earthly life:
But how loud soever their rolling be,
It wakes not the sleeper under the sea.

He has pass'd away in his life's fair prime
From all the labour and joys of time;
When the heart's long weariness rest had found,
And with marriage bliss was his manhood crowned.
In the day of his gladness the summons came,
Ere his baby son could lisp his name;
But now, though he shout it in childish glee,
It awakens no echo under the sea.

Oh, could we have laid him down to rest,
'Neath the soft green turf of earth's dewy breast;
Where the daisies might lift up their "golden eyes"
In the cloudless blue of the summer skies,
And tender violets sweet fragrance shed,
A covering meet for his peaceful bed;
With a marble column his name to keep,
And tell of his worth when we came to weep!
But vain are such wishes; it might not be:
Afar he is sleeping, under the sea.

Will ye bear him a message, ye white-browed waves,
That traverse the depths of the ocean caves?—
In your passing the place of his slumber seek
And whisper the sorrow we scarcely can speak:
And tell him, our memories of days by-gone
Need not the record of sculptured stone;
And that few are mourned by such tears as we
Now shed for him, sleeping under the sea.

Under the sea! O my heart, be still!
Such passionate longing earth ne'er can fill.
Look upward to heaven, in holy trust,
Our Father is watching the sleeping dust;

And Love's own voice, when the night is o'er,
Shall awaken the dear one to sleep no more;
While a Brother Divine now claims from thee
His place, who is sleeping under the sea.

On the Esplanade, when the Band is Playing.

How pleasant it is in the golden noon,
When skies are cloudless, and all in tune
With the glory that circles in heaven and earth,
Are the joyous shouts of the children's mirth;
And the mother, watching their sports the while,
With a "heaven of content" in her tender smile,
As they chase the waters with loud hurraing,
Near the Esplanade, where the band is playing.

The waves are dancing, as if they knew
How bright they were, and were merry too;
And the frail skiff trembles upon their crest,
Like life's first hope in a maiden's breast

Ere it floats her away o'er life's flowery vale,
In visions as pure as yon snowy sail
Where the sailors' "ye-ho," the light anchor weighing,
Keeps time with the tune that the band is playing.

With lightsome laughter, and murmuring sound
Of playful jest, the crowd surround
The place where they stand, and the silken sheen
Of their gay attire illumines the scene;
While up and down slowly the lovers walk,
Their heads drawing closer as fondly they talk;
Eyes, lips, and hands to each other conveying
The sweet secret of bliss, while the band is playing.

Here I sit apart from the bustle and din,
Yet unconsciously drinking the gladness in;
Till a change in the melody wakes again
Day-dreams that were chased by a night of pain;
And my spirit no longer the gladness can share,
I'm away in a country more bright and more fair;
In the home of my childhood my steps go Maying,
While the band on the Esplanade is playing.

I'm away o'er the hills, with their waving heather,
Where three happy children are roaming together;
How pleasant they were, and they both are gone,
And now in the world I am all alone!
And a rush of tears to my dim eyes start,
But I press them back on my weary heart;
It were all out of place such sorrow betraying
On the Esplanade, when the band is playing.

But no music the wail of my grief can drown,
As I think of that grave in the busy town,
And the fair young sister, so loving, so dear,
'Neath its green turf sleeping for many a year:
Then a ship lays to, in a pause of the storm,
And the waves close dark o'er a manly form;
And far away my thoughts are straying
From the Esplanade, when the band is playing.

But I follow them home to the land above,
Where all is beauty, and joy, and love;
They are walking in white mid its glories I see,
And I smile as I think they are watching for me

When earthward they turn with an earnest gaze,
And my heart echoes softly their anthem of praise;
Till I start to hear a loud voice saying,
"Let us go, for the band has ceased its playing."

Song—Sunlight.

SUNLIGHT, sunlight, shining so sweetly,
Shining on mountain, valley, and bay;
Waking the birds from their slumbers to greet thee,
Chasing the night and the darkness away!

On the fair scenes of earth has the winter been lying,
Hiding the flowers in its cold icy fold;
Now through the woodlands the light zephyr sighing,
Breathes on fair blossoms of crimson and gold.

So on my heart lay the darkness of sorrow,
Frozen and lifeless seem'd love, hope, and truth;
Now joy is shining, and fair smiles the morrow,
Life growing bright with the gladness of youth.

Who would be sad when the sunlight is shining,
And summer is coming with joy in her song?
Hope whispers sweetly to weary hearts pining,
Short is the winter, the summer is long.

Joy is eternal, 'tis sorrow that's fleeting,
The cold and the darkness are children of earth;
The summer is fadeless that offers her greeting
When the freed spirit soars to the home of her birth.

Then hail to thee, sunlight, shining so sweetly,
Shining on mountain, valley, and lea;
Away to the woodlands I hasten to meet thee,
A message from heaven thou bringest to me.

The Song of the Night-Spirits.

"THE languishing earth is parched for rain,
And sultry clouds the gift refuse;
But swiftly we speed o'er vale and plain,
Refreshing it all with our silvery dews.

"Scatter them over the drooping flowers,
Softly, silently, let them fall;
There are countless leaves in the summer bowers,
Yet we have a diamond-drop for all.

"Let us string our beads on the long dark grass
Growing so thickly all around,
That the morning winds, as they onward pass,
May shake them down on the thirsty ground.

"What though we never behold the light,
Never rejoice in the smile of day;
Though the blossoms we watch through the gloom
of night
Put on for others their bright array?

"No grateful whisperings can we hear
When cup and bell with life we fill;
But the stars above look calm and clear,
They smile on the silent workers still."

Away o'er the world the Night-Spirits flew,
And when the young morn led forth the Sun,

Glittering pearls on every bough
Show'd how well had their task been done.

With earth's gentle workers 'tis oft the same,
Silently toiling through weary years,
Sowing the seed, of which, to them,
Nor bud, nor blossom, nor fruit appears.

Yet they are blessed ; beside their path
The streams to the valleys brighter flow ;
Pleasanter looks the blooming earth,
And love hath a sweeter home below.

Then when revolving suns shall bring
That noon which never shall pass away,
To life shall the flowers they watered spring,
Their crown in the light of eternal day.

The Lady Alda.

A BALLAD OF THE RONCESVALLES.

(*Translated from the Spanish.*)

In Paris dwells fair Alda,
Lord Roland's promised bride,
And three hundred gay companions
Sit daily by her side.
They all eat at one table,
They feast on dainty fare;
And from silken hood to slipper,
The same rich dress they wear.
And they all are noble maidens,
Each fair in form and face;
But there's none like the Lady Alda,
For beauty or for grace.

A hundred maids are spinning
The thread of twisted gold;
A hundred weave gay tapestries,
Where heroes' deeds are told;

Their lutes so sweetly touching,
A hundred sing and play
To cheer the Lady Alda,
While her love is far away.
One eve, lull'd by their music,
Sleep o'er her senses stole,
And a dream of direful import
With terror shook her soul.
She awoke in grief and anguish,
And her maidens paled to hear,
Ring far throughout the palace
Their lady's cry of fear.
Each busy hand drops idly,
Hush'd is the pleasant strain;
And they ask, with trembling
voices,
What means that cry of pain?

"I have dream'd a dream, my maidens,
And who shall read it well?
For all my thoughts are troubled
At what it may foretell.

I was wandering near a mountain,
In a desert lone and waste,
When I saw a gentle falcon
By a proud eagle chased.
As I watch'd with eager pity
The certain end to see,
To escape its fierce pursuer,
The falcon fled to me.
I strove to give it shelter,
But the eagle, strong and bold,
With cruel bill and talons
Soon tore it from my hold.
Its plumes were soiled and ruffled,
I saw it bleeding sore;
Now read my dream, my maidens,
For I can sleep no more."

Then said the old duenna,
"My lady, calm your fear,
Well I can read its meaning,
And thou wilt joy to hear.

"That falcon is Lord Roland,
Who comes from o'er the sea,
And thou art the proud eagle,
His happy bride to be.
And the lone and dreary mountain
For the holy church may stand,
Where the priest, with words of blessing,
Shall join you hand to hand."

Then said the Lady Alda,
"If thou hast read me true,
I'll pay thee a rich guerdon
In gold both bright and new."

But alas! for the pleasant reading,
Alas, for the lady fair!
How wild was the cry of sorrow
That rose through the morning air.
When letters from Lord Roland
In her eager hands are placed,
Why reads she not the loving words,
Which he so fondly traced?

Without, on the bloodstain'd cover,
Ere the ink within had dried,
A stranger's hand had written,
To tell her how he died.
In the gloomy Roncesvalles,
Where many heroes rest,
There sleeps the brave Lord Roland
With the death-wound in his breast.

The Adventures of Count Arnaldos.

(*Translated from the Spanish.*)

WHOE'ER had such adventures,
The wild sea-shore upon,
As befel the Count Arnaldos,
On the morning of St. John?
The Count he went a-hunting,
With a falcon on his hand,
When he spied a stately galley
Bear down upon the land.

From the towering mast of cedar
The silken sails were hung,
And on the deck the captain
Walked gaily as he sung;
And the sea grew calm to listen,
The winds breathed softly near,
And the little fish swam upward,
That pleasant song to hear.
The birds they heard the echoes,
While flying o'er the main,
And to the mast came crowding,
Charm'd by the witching strain.
" My galley, my loved galley,
God keeps thee safe to me,
From every form of evil
That strikes by land or sea;
From all the sudden tempests
That o'er Almeria sweep;
From all the hidden dangers
In Leon's gulf that sleep.
My gallant bark rides safely,
Through strait, and gulf, and bay;

No rocks can bar her passage,
No blast her course can stay.
The storms may round us gather;
How wild soe'er they be,
God keeps thee, my loved galley,
No harm can come to thee."

Then out spake Count Arnaldos,
As from his horse he sprung,
"Teach me, I pray, thou sailor,
That song which thou hast sung."
But the sailor answered quickly,
"My song is not for thee;
He that would learn it truly,
Must brave the deep with me."

To Alice M. B.

ALICE! the name in days long past
In pleasant rhymes I loved to shrine;
Sweet for itself, now sweeter grown
Since I have learn'd the name was thine.

On this thy birthday, let me weave,
For Alice known, a simple lay,
As for the Alice of my dreams
I sang, in many a happier day.

Dear Alice! in thy sunny home,
Bright with affection fondly proved,
Long be it thine secure to reign
O'er true hearts, loving, and beloved.

May all thy birthdays as they come
Only to thee bring change of joy,
As thy glad mother's heart renews
Its happy youth, in girl and boy.

Life's spring-time fairest blossoms yield,
And summer wear its crown of pride,
And autumn from its richest store
Shed plenteous gifts on Sunnyside.

No blight of winter touch the flowers
Which God to thee in trust has given,
To rear for noble work on earth,
And holy peace with Christ in heaven.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

The blessing of a grateful heart
On thee and thine for ever rest;
Earth's purest pleasure still be thine;
In blessing others, doubly blest.

A Birthday Greeting.

TO A DEAR FRIEND, WITH A WHITE PRIMULA PLANT.

A BIRTHDAY gift: not for thyself alone;
Its sweetness all within the home shall share;
A fitting emblem of thy daily life,
Still blessing others with thy matron-care.

A simple birthday gift, this primrose white,
Where perfect flower and opening buds we see:
Be this a happy token, on this morn,
Of joys full blown and joys that wait for thee.

Unfolding purest blossoms with the years,
As these fair buds will open day by day;
Not as the flowers, to wither as they bloom,
Be thine the joys that never know decay.

January 4th, 1873.

A birthday greeting in the opening year,
When all was pleasant mirth and happiness,
And life to her seem'd full of earnest work,
Which only by her loving hands might grow
To perfectness beneath the Master's smile.

Ten days of suffering on a bed of pain;
A cloud of anguish on the happy home;
And ere the month had closed, no more on earth
For her could birthdays come, or flowerets bloom.
Upon her grave we plant the flowers now,
Ofttimes unheeding if they bloom or die,
So little seems their worth now she is gone.

My Lord.

O JESUS! Lord of life and love,
Thy love to me how dear;
Without it, what were earth below?
A desert waste and drear.

Without it, what were heaven above?
A garden rich and fair;
But no fruit-buds upon the boughs,
Nor light nor sunshine there.

How sweet it is in humble faith,
On Jesu's love to rest:
When all my sorrows lose their sting,
And joys are tenfold blest.

How sweet, when friendly eyes grow dim,
Or coldly turn away,
To know that here I meet no change,
No shadow of decay.

How sweet, when wavering steps grow weak,
To feel around me twine,
The gracious everlasting arms,
With clasp of love Divine.

How sweet, when vex'd with anxious care,
Or earth's tumultuous noise,
To hear within my aching heart
The heavenly Bridegroom's voice.

"Fear not, for thou art mine," He says.
"Thine, Lord," I whisper low.
Can heaven have purer joy than this,
Which now I taste below?

Waiting.

THE day has been long and dreary,
And darkly the night steals on,
While through the long hours, for His coming,
I weary and watch alone.

With never a friend to share in
My joy, or sorrow, or pain;
Only my heart to talk to,
To listen, and answer again.

Oft my spirit grows faint with the longing,
And yet it may well be borne,
As I think of the coming glory
Of the earth's glad bridal morn.

Now the light of the dawn is breaking
Through the moonbeam's silvery bars;
In the air there's a tremulous motion,
There's a whispering among the stars.

"We sang at the earth's creation,
At the birth of her Saviour boy;
And now our harps we are tuning
For the songs of His marriage joy."

"He is coming," the angels are telling;
"He is coming," the saints repeat;
And the arches of heaven are ringing
With the sound of the Bridegroom's feet.

I shall see Him, my King, in His beauty!
And my sorrow shall all be still'd;
And my heart shall grow young with the gladness
Of hope's bright dreams fulfilled.

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